AFTER-DINNER STORIES

HARRISON

After-Dinner Stories

A collection of the latest, best, and most catchy stories, all so short and pithy as to be easily remembered

By JOHN HARRISON

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Introduction

A WORD ABOUT THE BOOK

WHAT plums are to a Christmas pudding good stories are to conversation, and never does a good story "go" better than when told to a merry company that has just comfortably dined. Every one is at peace with himself and the world, and spontaneously in touch with anything that will tend to mirth.

A good story is not only an aid to general sociability, but is often a great help in business transactions. As to politics, if "a soft answer will turn away wrath," a good story will often "turn the laugh on the other fellow," and sometimes win a losing cause.

Even our ministers find the pungent, apropos story of the greatest use in driving "truths" home.

The "After Dinner Story" can be used to

advantage at any time except before breakfast. The wise spinner of yarns will let the rasher and toast take precedence of all else.

There is a popular belief that women do not enjoy wit, and are not appreciative of humor and are not good story-tellers. This may be true of a few, but not of many. And, to hear an intellectual woman, possessed of a sense of humor tell a snappy story is one of the rare delights in this prosaic old world.

With regard to the use of "After Dinner Stories" when used as illustrations in "After Dinner Speeches" the following brief hints may prove of service.

ON THE SPEECH-MAKER AND STORY-TELLER

After-dinner speaking is at once one of the most difficult and easiest of arts. The most effective after-dinner speeches are those which give the impression of being unprepared and are conversational in tone. To appear natural under unusual circumstances has to be acquired by study, practice and the cultivation of self-possession.

The less experienced the speaker the greater care should he take to fit himself for the ordeal.

Simplicity of language will not be mistaken for ignorance.

Charles Dickens, who in his day was considered one of the most fascinating of after-dinner speakers, was always simple and direct. Even as a young man he put into the mouth of the immortal Mr. Pickwick a model speech of congratulation on the nuptials of Mr. Trundel and Bella, and a eulogy on the goodness of his

friend Mr. Wardle, which might well be followed to-day by speakers at similar festivities.

The gifted James Russell Lowell, as an after-dinner speaker had no peer in his time, and in our own time we have Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who perhaps more than any other relies for effect on the stories he introduces.

As a sample of after-dinner oratory it would be difficult to find a finer specimen than that of Henry W. Grady, delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1886, a copy of which can readily be found in any public library.

With incomparable skill this speaker, in that great address engaged the attention of his hearers at the outset by telling a few witty, apt stories. Later, even when tingling with excitement and fully appreciating the importance of his subject he riveted the points made with striking anecdotes. Better proof of the power of good stories properly told could not be cited.

It is not necessary for a story-teller to be an elocutionist, although elocution as an aid is not to be despised. He must, however, infuse his individuality into the telling and so realize the ludicrous, sentimental or dramatic features that he may make his hearers equally realize them.

There are scores of stories which in themselves are good, but the climax is apparent so long before it is reached that much of the laughter has gone out of the laugh before the speaker has concluded.

A story in dialect told by one incapable of giving the correct pronunciation and intonation is painful in the extreme.

The beginner had better memorize the anecdote which strikes his fancy just as he finds it in print. When he has gained experience it will be time enough for him to put in his own variations.

AND THEN TO BUSINESS

THERE are certain rules and principles which every speaker must understand and observe.

Learn to enunciate words and syllables clearly.

Good articulation will win the ear even of the uneducated.

Admirable exercises for the cultivation of correct articulation and pronunciation are to be found in standard text-books and should be systematically practiced.

In beginning to speak use the middle pitch. It will then be an easy matter, if the voice has been rendered flexible by culture to raise or lower it. If at the start it is pitched high it will be almost impossible to lower it.

Without mincing or chopping words be sure not to slur them.

The difficulty most speakers experience in making themselves heard in a good-sized room is not so much a lack of vocal power but the adoption of wrong methods in the use of the voice.

A speaker's attitude should be natural, and

when standing at a dining-table the gestures should be slight, and from the elbow. With practice good use can be made of the hands.

The speaker should stand firmly and easily on both feet, one being slightly in advance of the other.

Much might be said regarding facial expression, but it is a dangerous subject. The clever mimic acquires perfect mastery over the muscles of his face, but the amateur is likely to make grimaces only.

Prepare twice as many stories as you mean to tell, so that, if you are anticipated by a previous speaker you may still have material.

Be brief. Make your audience wish for more.

As with your stories, so with your speech. Make sure of your climax. Save the "good wine until the last." Then sit down. Don't spoil the effect by another word. You have said your say, be content.

The beginner, so soon as he finds himself on his feet, if of a nervous temperament frequently becomes unable to think. But that is just the time when he has to think. Let him remember that he must think ahead while speaking, as the musician reads several bars ahead of the one he is actually rendering.

If the natural vocabulary is small it should be increased.

Study good speakers, good writers and read only good literature.

Cultivate imagination. Try to see more in any given thing than you have ever seen before, then put your imagination into words.

After Dinner Stories

An Irishman was riding a restive pony along a country road. The animal slipped into a ditch, and in attempting to scramble out again caught one of its hind feet in the stirrup. "Arrah!" said the man, "if you're thinking of getting up here 'tis about time for me to be getting down."

A story is told in the autobiography of a solicitor much given to the flowing bowl. While a case respecting the excisable value of brandy was being heard in court, the solicitor happened to be present, although not professionally engaged. Specimens of several sorts of spirits were produced by witnesses.

The judges tasted, the jury tasted. and the solicitor, seeing the sample bottles moving, took one, put it to his mouth, and drank off the contents.

The court, observing a pause and some merriment at the bar, called to Jeffries, counsel in the case, to go on with his evidence.

"My lord," said he, "we are at a full stop, and can go no further."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, my lord," replied Jeffries, "the solicitor has drunk up all our evidence."

A teacher examining a class in Natural History, said, "Speaking of sheep, can any of you tell me the names of the male, the female and the offspring?"

"Yes, teacher," replied one youngster, "Ram the Daddy, Dam the Mammy, and Lam' the Kid."

A jolly young bachelor met a friend of his who had recently been married. He knew his friend was dreadfully touchy,—got mad at the least little thing, and also that the girl he had wedded had been noted for her temper quite as much as for her beauty and her expectations. He wanted to know how the two got along, and so after congratulating him, and "jollying" him, he put the question, point blank,—"Say, Fred, tell me, do you agree?"

"Agree?" replied the young benedict with a sad sigh, "oh, yes, I agree."

A western politician running for office was very much incensed at certain remarks which had been made about him by the leading paper of the town. He burst into the editorial room like a dynamite bomb, and exclaimed,—"You are telling lies about me in your paper, and you know it!"

"You have no cause for complaint," said the editor coolly. "What in the world would you do if we told the truth about you?"

"What shall we do, John," said the farmer's wife, who had retained much of her sentiment through twenty-five years of married life, "what shall we do to celebrate our silver wedding?"

"Reckon up where all the silver's gone to in bringing up our family," grumbled he.

"Oh, no, John, it must be something real good and out of the ordinary. I tell you what! Let us kill the fattest pig and give a banquet."

"Maria," said the husband solemnly, "I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

A young fellow, the son of quite a wealthy man, was engaged in some clerical capacity by a friend of his father in order to try and make something of him. He was, however, shiftless to the last degree and nothing he said could be relied upon.

One day his employer called him into his private office and gave him a sound lecture. He dwelt chiefly on his prevarication, and wound up by saying,—"You know, James, that you are always lying."

"Sir," said James, "I would have you remember that I am a gentleman!"

"There you go again," said his employer.

You know what Sancho, in Don Quixote says, "Every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a deal worse."

Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, in her charming "Book of Remembrances," says, "Once, when one of my sisters found fault with me, I said, 'You had better take the bean out of your own eye before you take the mope out of your sister's.'"

A lady of uncertain age went to the Bureau of Information at the Grand Central Depot and

asked when the next train left for Albany, and the answer she received was, "Twenty minutes to eleven." She looked doubtfully at the man and went to one of the seats. In a few minutes there was an exchange of clerks. She promptly went to the window and repeated her question. This time she was told that the train left at "ten forty." "There," said she in triumph, "I was sure that other man didn't know."

A noted physician called on an exceedingly cranky patient, and was surprised to find hardly any improvement from the previous day. "Why," said he, "what's the matter? Did you follow my prescription?" "Not I," replied the man. "If I had, I would have broken my neck, for I threw the prescription out of the window."

Toole, the English actor, used to get off a good thing occasionally. At dinner, at a country hotel he was sitting next to a gentleman who had helped himself to an extravagantly large piece of bread. Toole took it up and began to cut a slice from it. "Sir," said the indignant gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," replied the actor, "I mistook it for the loaf."

A Senator from Kentucky, was one day walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said, "Ah, Senator, how de do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?" "Yes," said the Senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'E. P.' in the corner?" "Oh, that's the correct thing, you know," said the young man, "when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person."

Next day it was the Senator who met the young gentleman, and accosted him with the question,—"Did you get my card? I called on you this morning, or, well—I called by proxy." "Yes," was the reply, "but what in the world did you mean, Senator, by writing 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner? That's something new, isn't it?" "O, no," said the Senator, "that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

The positive, comparative and superlative degrees of getting on in the world are delightfully simple. Here they are: "Get on. Get honor. Get honest."

A teacher in the public schools who was very proud of the way in which she had instructed her class in botany, told the examiner to call on any scholar and to ask whatever question he pleased on the subject. It happened that the first pupil selected was a newcomer who had attended only two lectures. He was asked to name some botanical terms, to which he replied, "Please, sir, I know only two,—aurora borealis and delirium tremens."

A very conscientious man met a friend and said,—"Say, I'm awfully sorry, but you know I told you the other day that Oleson was a Swedenborgian?" "Well, isn't he?" asked the other. "No, I find he's a Norwegian."

A traveler in the Orient, who was picking up material for a book, asked a Pasha: "Is the Civil Service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions?"

"My illustrious friend," replied the Pasha, "Allah is great, and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires, is a fool."

There was once a very loving young couple,

just home from the happiest sort of honeymoon. She was "Hilda" and he was "Georgie." "Hilda, dearest," said Georgie, "I see there is some asparagus ready for cooking. Shall we go and pluck it together, love?"

To which "Hilda" replied, cooingly, "Georgie, dearest, it will be heavenly! You shall pluck it, and I will hold the ladder."

"Mary," asked the young husband, "has the dog been at this meat?" "No, dear," said the darling softly, "but I carved when you were away yesterday."

They were Quakers, brother and sister, and had lived together many years, but Reuben was now a very sick man. His time had come, and he moaned and tossed on his pillow.

"Reuben," said his sister consolingly, "why dost thee fear death? Thee hast been a good brother, paid thy debts and given to the poor."

"True, true, Penelope; but"—lowering his voice—"I have been a bit sly."

At a dinner party held last winter, the cold weather was the one thing which supplied a topic for conversation. Every one was com-

paring notes with some one else as to his sufferings, when a plump, jolly-looking lady made a remark about cold feet.

"Surely," said an intimate friend sitting opposite, and referring to her stoutness, "you are not troubled with cold feet."

Then there was a pause, and the whole company waited for the reply.

"Indeed I am," said the plump one, "but they are my husband's."

An old distich has it, that —

"Of all my father's family I love myself the best,
If Providence provides for me, the de'il may take the rest."

An enterprising painter in Brooklyn used as a motto,—"I am ready, where's the job?"

"How is the razor, sorr?" asked the Irish barber, "does it go easy?"

"Well," said the man, "what's the operation? If you're shaving me it goes hard, but if you're merely skinning me it goes tolerable easy."

"Keep away from that," said a waiter at an uptown restaurant to a man who was stand-

ing in front of a newly arrived case of turtles, and who was sucking his finger as if in pain. "What are you doing, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I was trying to find out which was the head and which was the tail of that beast over there in the corner, and perhaps you can tell me, for I'd like to know whether I've been bitten or stung."

The Poultry Adviser is the name of a new journal, and a New York paper editorially mentioning the fact said: "We hope it will advise the poultry in this neighborhood to lay fresher eggs."

An Irishman stood in front of an electric fan which was going at full speed, with no end of a buzz. After a minute or two he scratched his head and said: "Bedad, I wadn't want to be that squirrel!"

A teacher was explaining about the coinage of the country, and showed the motto on one side of a silver dollar, "E pluribus Unum." "Now what does that mean?" he asked. The boy at the head of the class had taken the coin and had turned it over. "I know," said he. "In God We Trust."

This is the way in which Henry Watterson, whom everybody knows, and not a few love, and whom a good many fear with reason,—this is the way in which he welcomed the presidential party at Louisville: "We turn over to you our houses and our horses, and there is the jug, and the sugar, and the ice, and the mint. We even surrender to you the hip pocket playthings with which we are wont sometimes to amuse ourselves. And if you can't make yourselves at home, and pass the time pleasantly, may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

The late Kate Field once said that, "There can be no great men without great grandmothers," and a paper commenting on her remark added,—"No, nor without great grandfathers. It takes two to make a bargain."

A small boy went to a drug store and asked for five cents' worth of salts. While the man was weighing it he said: "Say, boss, don't give full weight. It's me that has to take it."

An old farmer was approached by a female suffragist who wanted him to sign a paper.

"What's it for?" he enquired.

"For the Women's Movement," was the reply.

"No, no," said the old man, with a quaver in his voice, "if you've got anything to keep 'em still I'll sign it and welcome,—but to keep 'em on the move, no sirree!"

"Henry," said Mrs. Woodbee, "we have decided that Amelia's voice ought to be cultivated. I have examined into the matter and find that if we send her abroad the expense will be some $10,000, whereas she can study just as well at home, at a cost of from $1,000 to $1,500. Surely there can be no question as to what we ought to do?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Woodbee, promptly, "send her abroad."

A famous physician who was particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients was waited on by an army man, who was polished off in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving, he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said:

"I am especially glad to meet you as I have often heard my father, Colonel F., speak of you."

"What!" exclaimed the physician, "are you Dick's son?"

"Certainly."

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "fling that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

A lady who was anxious to obtain a good general servant applied at an Intelligence Office and was assured by the proprietor that she had just the person to suit. A raw-boned Irish woman some fifty years of age came forward.

"Well," said the lady, after a short conversation, "I would be very glad to engage you, but——"

"But what, pray?"

"Well, you see I wanted one who is,—who is rather younger."

"An' indade!" exclaimed the woman, folding her arms, and glaring indignantly, "it's a pity the good Lord didn't make me in the yare to suit your convanience."

The poet Whittier had a charming, quaint personality, and many of the stories told of him are delightful, although simple. One of his peculiarities was to call every piece of statuary, from the smallest to the largest, a "graven image." In a letter about Jackson's bust of Sumner he

wrote: "It is very grand, beautiful as the Greek Apollo, full of the character of the man, but still somewhat ideal—a little glorified. Thee knows I am no judge of graven images."

It is also told of him that an admirer of his works was granted an interview and talked incessantly for over an hour. In speaking of the patiently endured infliction to a friend, he paused for a moment, and then added, with the suggestion of a smile,—"and all the time he called me 'Whitaker.'"

A lady accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict, and after some little conversation said: "How does it come that you live in these flats? I thought they would not take in children. How did you get in?"

"Why," replied the child, "I was borned in."

"Look here, Charley," said one young collegian to another who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug, g-u-g!"

"I know," said Charley, "but you see I need

the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

If a woman will, she will,
You may depend on't.
And if she won't she won't,
And there's an end on't.

There are five stages of Brandy and Water.
The first is "Brandy and Water."
The second is "Branny and Warwer."
The third, "Bran Warr."
Fourth, "Brraorr."
And the fifth, Collapse.

There is a story told of two soldiers who were overheard speaking of the chaplain of another regiment than their own, in contrast with theirs.

"He's always on picket with his regiment," they said, "and he's always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there."

"You don't mean that our chaplain's a coward, do you?" asked the other in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward, but whenever there's any firing ahead he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know."

"Yes; but if the firing is sudden he can't stop to get his saddle on."

Dr. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren," says, "Never ask a Scotchman if it is raining. I have never heard a Scot admit that the rain is falling. What I have heard him say is that if it goes on as it is now it will turn out wet."

Cardinal Bonaparte, a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte was a very charitable man, and spent a fortune on the poor. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him and said that a poor person at the door begged for help. "Give him what money you find in my purse," said the Cardinal. "There is no money, Eminence." "Well, then give him a silver spoon." "The silver spoons are all given away." "Well, bring him in and give him a good meal."

Miss Edith Lichel in her book "The Story of Two Salons" tells a story of one Monsieur Condorcet in the time of the French Revolution, an aristocrat, upon whose head a price was set. He sought refuge with a friend who bade him re

turn at nightfall when means of escape would be furnished. But Condorcet becoming hungry, sneaked out to a restaurant and ordered an omelette

"How many eggs?" inquired the restauranteur, who had been eyeing him suspiciously.

Now Condorcet knew nothing about omelettes in the shell or pan. He remembered former repasts and made a rough estimate as to about how many eggs he thought would go to make up the regulation dish.

"Oh, about twelve," he replied.

His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never escaped.

"When traveling in Ireland I heard a capital story," said a clubman, recently returned from Europe. "It may be as old as the hills, but I had never heard it before and it struck me as a good sample of an Irish bull. We were driving around the lakes on one of the jaunting cars and got to talking with the driver. You can't help it in Ireland for they will talk to you if you don't to them, you know. And among the varied information he gave us was the fact that

the clergy exacted a tenth of every person's property for the use of the church.

"'That's a big slice out of your income, Pat,' said I.

"'Arrah!' he exclaimed, 'that's nothing. Bless your soul they'd be after takin' a twentieth if they could.'"

Recently, when there was some talk of imposing a tax on the unmarried men in this State, one young fellow who was particularly loud in his denunciation of the measure and declared roundly that it was an outrage, was effectually silenced by an older bachelor,—and perhaps one better able to stand the expense, by the remark, that, in his opinion "luxuries were just the things that ought to be taxed."

A bishop was requested by a coquettish lady to be allowed to use rouge.

"Madam," said he, half in jest, "I will give you permission to wear it on one cheek."

"Oh, how apt," she exclaimed, "how clever you are, bishop. Then I will turn to you the other also."

Georgie was sparking Clara. Clara had a

dog. One of the kind that barks but seldom bites. Georgie knew the old saying "Love me, love my dog" and so he sort of courted the dog off times. One day the dog didn't bark but did bite.

"Oh! Georgie!" cried Clara, "what is the matter?"

"That be——, that do-og, Clara, has taken a piece of my calf!"

"Oh, Georgie!" exclaimed the young lady wringing her hands in anguish, "I hope it will not make him sick!"

At the production of a stupid play in New York, last winter, when even the best natured critics went away in disgust, one newspaper representative turned to the other and said. "If that had been produced on the other side of the water it would have been hissed. As there were lots of Englishmen present I wonder that it wasn't." "True," said the other. "I would like to have done so myself, but,—you can't gape and hiss at the same time."

A countryman went to a minister's house and was asked by the servant what he wanted.

"To see the minister."

"What about?"

"I want spiritual advice."

"Well," said the servant, "you can't see him now for he's busy in his study."

"Study!" exclaimed the man, "what's he doing there?"

"Studying, of course."

"Then," said the countryman, turning on his heel, "I've no use for him or his advice, if he didn't do his studying when in college."

A lawyer who was engaged by the city to prosecute one James Magree for keeping a gambling house, warming up to his subject shouted, "James Magree has kept a gambling house, does keep a gambling house! I have proved it again and again. I have said once and for all it is a gambling house, and I maintain it."

"That's right, your Honor," said the culprit. "I'd have failed long ago but for the patronage of the honorable gentleman."

Late one night a jolly looking sailor and a buxom lass called on a minister in a small seaport town and informed him that they wanted to be married right away.

Everything seemed satisfactory, and the cere-

mony was about to begin when the clergyman thought to make sure of his fee.

"How much is it?" asked the sailor.

"Five dollars," said the clergyman.

"And I have but two," exclaimed Jack. Then an inspiration coming to him he said with the best of good nature, "Well, sir, never mind, marry us as far as it will go."

A rich but exceedingly mean man residing in upper New York, who had an excellent wine cellar but very poor wine, found that in spite of its quality some one of his servants was always stealing it. He called his butler, who was in a chronic state of disgust at his employer's stinginess and said: "Thomas, this has got to stop! It is your business to attend to such matters. Now what would you suggest as the most practical way to preserve this wine?" "I don't know, sir," replied the butler, "unless you put something that's better worth drinking alongside of it."

One has to go to the public schools for unique definitions of words. At a recent examination "Nosology," was said to be a treatise on noses;

and "Egotist," a lover of eggs, and "Botany" the art of bottles.

"I suppose, doctor," said a man to a regular practitioner, "you meet all sorts of people. Do any of them really appreciate your services?"

"That is for them to say," replied the medical man. "There are precious few I appreciate. But, sir, I have one noble patient; Mr. Gardener, across the street. He is a man I am proud of. He takes every remedy I prescribe. I tell you, my friend, that such a man as that deserves to be sick."

The stories told of doctors are without end, and some of them are good enough to be heard more than once. For instance at a reunion of college associates a Boston man of medicine who had acquired the unenviable name of being somewhat of a quack, and was therefore considered a fit subject for chaff, was brought to his feet by some such remark as, "How many of your patients have you lost, doctor, in the last twelve years?" "None, sir, none," was the reply, "and I defy any one I have ever attended to accuse me at any time of neglect." "True, doctor," said one of the company, "dead men tell no tales."

A rather fussy man traveling from New York to Philadelphia had been much annoyed by his opposite companion, a tall, lanky fellow whose bony knees troubled him not a little. There was a stop of several minutes at Trenton and the tall traveler rose from his seat, and said with a yawn: "I guess I'll get out and stretch my legs a bit." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the other, "don't do that unless you are prepared to pay double fare, or to take a compartment all to yourself."

In an English cathedral city there resided a Canon Brown, connected with the cathedral chapter, and a Mr. Brown, a Methodist minister, who thought that he had a perfect right to prefix the title "Reverend" to his name. It should be explained that until a decision taken in the English courts some thirty years ago there was an impression that the title "Reverend" was the sole prerogative of the State clergy. It happened that the Rev. Mr. Brown opened by mistake a number of letters intended for the Rev. Canon Brown, and he sent them to the cathedral dignitary with an apology. The Canon acknowledged their receipt in the following caustic note:

"The Reverend Canon Brown presents his compliments to Mr. Brown and accepts his apology.

but he would remind him that if he would not lay claim to a title to which he has no legal right such mistakes as these could not occur."

Some months afterward a packet of lithographed manuscript sermons came addressed to the Rev. Mr. Brown and was delivered at the house of the Methodist minister, who opened it. Mr. Brown immediately sent the packet to the cathedral Canon with this note:

"Mr. Brown, Methodist preacher, regrets that he has opened the packet of lithograph sermons by mistake: but if the Rev. Canon Brown would not attempt to exercise an office for which he has no intellectual qualification such mistakes as these could not occur."

"Mary," said a lady to her housemaid, as she surveyed the furniture, "just look at the dust! Didn't I tell you to go carefully over it? I expect company this afternoon, and I shall feel disgraced. Every one will go away talking about it."

"Well, mum," said the girl, "why don't you pull down the shades?"

A popular comedian was once a witness in a suit for slander, and the opposing counsel in the courtroom said: "You are an actor, I believe?"

"Yes," replied the Commedian.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know; but it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said the comedian.

In Great Britain the railway cars are not constructed as ours are, and are divided into three divisions or classes, thus, "first, second and third," the prices for riding in them ranging according to the accommodation. At times for economy even those who could ordinarily afford a first-class ticket will indulge in a "third-class," especially when there is small chance of meeting a friend.

In a remote country district, a certain bishop was traveling in a third-class compartment, and at the first stopping-place a navvy, with his pick and shovel got in. The bishop adjusted his apron after the usual manner, and surveyed the country from the window.

After a time the navvy addressed his lordship:

"Curate, sir?"

The bishop hesitated a second, and then blandly replied, "I was once."

"Ah!" sympathetically retorted the navvy, "drink, I suppose."

"People who deliberately come to church," said a clergyman in his discourse, "for the sole purpose of going to sleep, had better keep away. The offense is preconceived,—the people do it with their eyes open."

At a literary and scientific gathering a learned Greek scholar got into conversation with one of the leading mathematicians of the day, and apparently found a ready listener. He gave again and again exquisite lines from Homer,—from the original, and the sonorous words rolled off his tongue in fine style.

After a while, noticing that his audience,—the man of figures, made no remark, he paused, and said in a questioning tone of wonder:

"Of course you think those lines masterly, do you not?"

"Certainly," said the mathematician, "but what do they prove?"

A lady received a telegram from her son who was inspector of some extensive mines, that a man in the employ of the company had fallen down a shaft and been killed, and as the man's widow was in his mother's service he thought it only right to notify her of the sad occurrence.

The lady went to the kitchen and called the servant.

"Bridget," said she gently, "I have dreadful news for you. It concerns your—your late husband."

"An' indeed," retorted Bridget, "Pat was never fined yet for bein' late!"

"No, Bridget, no. This is what I mean. Here is a telegram stating that your husband has fallen down a shalt and been killed."

Instead of bursting into tears Bridget astonished her mistress by taking the telegram with every appearance of pride and satisfaction.

"An' the blessed saints be praised," she exclaimed, "for lettin' him send that same to comfort a poor widdy's heart!"

"Why, Bridget!" cried the lady, "what do you mean?"

"Arrah!" exclaimed the woman, "an' it's the illegant writer Pat's gettin' to be already since he died. Down here, mum, he could only be afther makin' his mark!"

An old German maker of violincellos had just finished one which he considered to be a particularly fine piece of work, and he proudly lifted it up for a friendly musician who was standing

near him, to admire. He had just called attention to its beautiful lines, when all of a sudden something rattled.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, "I have left der glue pot inside!"

A naval officer was relating how he once bought a horse at a fair. Before purchasing he was careful to ask whether there was anything the matter with the animal as the price asked seemed to him to be rather below his estimate of its value.

"No," replied the seller, "I know nothin' whatsoever agin it, 'less it be that he has a trick, a bad trick of shyin' dreadfully when he passes a tavern," which he named. "He's a lamb elsewheres. You see one of the stable hands there was powerful cruel to him, an' he's never forgot, an' he's never forgave."

The officer found the horse admirable in every respect, if anything, almost too quiet. In fact, in order to see if he really possessed temper he at last determined to ride past the obnoxious tavern and see what would happen.

No sooner had he come within sight of the porch than out ran the stable boy and landlord, both of them shouting and grabbing at the reins

"So," cried the landlord, "you thief! We've got you at last, have we?"

Then the officer knew why the horse was supposed to shy at that particular spot.

A story is told by a Southern lady who was much troubled by the thefts committed by her colored servants.

A serious case was of some very fine tablecloths, of exquisite linen, which were embroidered with her monogram. She worried over the loss but was unable to find the thief.

The daughter of her old washerwoman was about to be married, and the lady sent her a suitable, and even expensive present, and thought it would gratify the old woman if she went to the cabin on the morning of the wedding and examined the preparations made for the feast which was to follow the ceremony.

What was her surprise to see the table adorned with one of her missing cloths.

"Why, Hannah!" she exclaimed, "how could you do such a thing? That is one of my fine cloths which has been missing, and I am sure you must have heard me asking about them. Hannah! I have always believed in your honesty."

"'Deed, miss, an' dat ain't yo'r cloff! 'Deed 'tain't! I jus' bo't dat fo' my B'linder, I did."

"Hannah," said the lady, "what is the use of telling me such a deliberate falsehood? That is my table-cloth, and you know it is. Look, here is my monogram,—my initials,—the letters of my name."

"Why, so dey is, miss," said the colored woman quite unabashed. "Now I didn't kno' wot dey wos, yo' see, but dey wos on yo'r own cloffs, an' I t'ought seein' as yo' had 'em, it mus' be right, miss, an' so I had 'em put on B'linder's. Dat's de troof, shore!"

The story is told of a very crusty, gouty old gentleman who lost his patience with his doctor, because he did not make enough fuss over the pain he suffered.

"Doctor," he cried out, twisting and turning because of the agony, "you don't understand! You don't seem to grasp the case! You talk as though there were nothing the matter with me, whereas I assure you I am enduring the torments of the lost!"

"What, already?" replied the doctor.

During an epidemic of cholera on board an

English Man-o'-war, so many men died that the doctor just made a chalk mark on the bunks where the occupant was to be buried.

One supposed corpse protested loudly when he discovered that he was about to be buried at sea. "But I'm not dead, don't you see?" said he. "Oh," was the reply, "shut up! Do you suppose that you know better than the doctor?"

It was not concerning false but gray hair that Russell of the Scotsman made his famous saying. A contemporary had remarked to him, that though it was true he was growing gray, he had not grown bald, as Russell has done. "That's true," admitted the latter; "my hair preferred death to dishonor."

An old organ-blower lay on his death-bed. He was a good old fellow and everybody liked him. He had always been ready to do anything and everything connected with the church without complaining, but had evidently had his own troubles which he had kept locked in his breast.

The curate was with the old man, soothing and comforting him as best he could.

"Would you mind, sir," said the sick man, "asking the organist to play the 'Dead March'

over me? Lor' but I just love that dead march."

"Certainly, with pleasure, Mr. Jones," replied the curate.

"Thank'ee, sir, none o' that there tweedledum Beethoven, you know, but Handel's."

"I can promise that much, my good man," said the curate.

The old man lay placidly for a while and then exclaimed with fervor; "How thankful I am that I shan't have to blow for him, when he plays the loud part at the end!"

It has been said that the way to approach a "Woman with a past," is "with a present."

A young man consulted a doctor about "tobacco heart" which he believed he had contracted from excessive smoking.

"Doctor," said he, "do you believe that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?"

"Do I?" exclaimed the doctor, "I know it does. I tried to stop once, and the days were about ninety hours long."

Mrs. Hapsy, who is a very particular woman,—particular where morals are concerned, went to

her milliner's recently,—an ignorant woman of English birth, but clever at her trade, and enquired about a bonnet which was supposed to be finished and ready for delivery.

"Ma'am," said the woman, "bonnets is bonnets, and I'd have them if I'd promised, ready to the minute, if but my health was better. But you see how 'tis yourself; I'm that wore out, that—why bless your heart, ma'am, only last Chusday I had to go to Mister Trimmer's, and he's three floors up, and no elevator, bein' an old buildin', and I declare to you, ma'am, when I had mounted and clumb them three flights of stairs —the most precititatious you ever saw, and reached his landing I quite lost my conscientiousness."

"Goodness!" exclaimed a gentleman coming into a restaurant, and even then holding on his hat from habit, because of the gale blowing outside, "I never saw such a wind in my life."

"Never saw such a wind?" said another. "What a stupid remark, who ever saw a wind; pray what is it like?"

"Like?" replied the first speaker; "like to have blown my hat off."

An Irish seaman on board a merchant-ship, having had an accident with the tea-kettle, went to the officer, and scratching his head, cried: "Arrah now, will your honor be pleased to tell me whether a thing can be said to be lost when one knows where it is?"

"Lost, when he knows where it is, why of course not; how foolish you Irish people are, Pat."

"Well then, sir," said Pat, "your tea-kettle is safe, for it's at the bottom of the sea."

The editor of a newspaper that had adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows:

"I hev tuk your paper for leven years, but if you kant spel enny better than you have been doin fur the las to months you may jes stoppit."

Private John Allen of Tupelo, Mississippi, tells this story. A commercial traveler was sitting on a counter in a country town in Tennessee talking to a merchant about selling him some goods. They got into a general conversation and, among other things he said to the merchant, "I used to sell goods down in Kaufman County, Texas."

At this a seedy, ragged, hard looking fellow, who was leaning on the counter, said, "My friend, did you say you had lived in Kaufman County, Texas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever know a man out there by the name of John F. Williams?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I used to sell John goods."

"Well, sir, John is my brother."

"Ah, indeed, I am glad to meet you."

"Yes, sir, John Williams is my brother How was John when you saw him?"

"Oh," was the reply, "John was doing very well. He had a good farm with plenty of stock on it. He was out of debt and doing tip-top."

"Yes," the seedy man said. "Well, my friend, if you should be back in Kaufman County at any time and see anything of John, I wish you'd tell him that I am mighty hard up, that my farm is mortgaged and that I don't believe I'm ever going to be able to raise and educate my children. Times are mighty hard with me, and I don't see any chance to get out of debt. Tell him that if ever he's going to help me, now's the time."

At this the commercial traveler invited John's

brother out to take a drink. When the drink began to take effect on the man he said: "So you know my brother John out in Texas?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you are out there any time just tell him that I'm making a good living and getting along first-rate."

Late in the evening the drummer met the fellow again. Meantime he had had two or three more drinks and was pretty mellow. So he said, "Ain't you the gentleman that met my brother John out in Kaufman County?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, say, if you should go back to Kaufman, and see anything of John, tell him if he needs anything to just draw on me."

In the British army when a soldier is confined in the guardroom for an offense, a written copy of the crime is invariably handed to the commander of the guard. The other day a non-commissioned officer and a party of men were detailed for a certain fatigue. The corporal having given an order, one of the men seemed disinclined to obey, when after having rebuked him sharply, he shouted in angry tones: "It's a good job for you, me lad, that I can't spell in-

subordination, or I'd shove you in the guardroom sharp."

A sweet-faced motherly-looking farmer's wife was overheard, not long ago, telling this story of her son: "He had been out to choir rehearsal with his sister," she said, "and they had so far to drive that they never got back till twelve o'clock. The next morning my husband wanted to call John at the usual time to milk the cows. But I just set down my foot he shouldn't. 'John's a growin' boy,' I told him, 'and he needs sleep. He's been up till midnight, and he shan't be called now at half after three, cows or no cows.' And I had my way. He wasn't called. I let him sleep till four o'clock."

A rich widow had given an order to a noted sculptor for a life size bust of her late husband who had been noted for his many acts of charity. When the work was nearly finished the artist sent for her to see if any alterations were necessary.

She gazed long and earnestly at the counterfeit presentment of the dear departed, and then after wiping her eyes, she said:

"Yes, it is very like the dear good man, but ——"

"But, what?" enquired the sculptor, nervously.

"Well," she replied, "he never—never—never had such a big nose as that,—poor dear."

"Madam," was the reply, "all the world knows what a good man your husband was, and you know a large nose is an indication of goodness."

"Is that so,—is it really? Well, then, please make it larger."

Mrs. Gridley had not been well enough to go to church and so had sent Mr. Gridley in her stead.

"Now," said she, as he came in looking sick and weary, "what was the sermon about, Mr. Gridley?"

"The sermon?" replied the husband. "Well, I don't know, it was sort of rambling like. But judging from the text I concluded it was about cash boys, Mrs. Gridley."

"How utterly absurd," she remarked, "there wasn't such a thing as a cash boy in existence when the blessed book was written. Pray what was the text?"

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

"Emily," said a lady to her daughter who had

received the attentions of a wealthy young man for some time but who seemed very slow about proposing, "Emily, if William asks you to-day to marry him, you must tell him to speak to me."

"Yes, mamma," said the young lady, "but if he does not?"

"Then," replied the mother very sharply, "tell him I want to speak to him."

A Killarney tourist was assured by a guide that the echo on Loch Gill was very fine. So off went the tourist to hear it, and hired two men to row him out accomplishing the transaction so swiftly that there was no time for them to arrange for the usual echo to be in attendance. In despair they broke an oar, and one swam ashore to fetch another. The echo then began.

"Good-morrow," cried the tourist.

"Good-morrow," said the echo with a fine brogue.

"Fine day, bless it."

"Foine day, God bless it," improved the echo.

"Will you have a drink?" cried the tourist.

"Begorra, I will!" roared the echo.

Along with the utterances of great statesmen and orators will forever be remembered the

celebrated words of Officer Hooligan when he wanted to make a denial strong: "All them facts have been verified to be totally false and untrue in every particular."

A young midshipman reported to the commanding officer of a battleship for duty. Captain X., a gruff old sailor who had worked his way aft in the '40's, sized up the youngster with anything but a friendly air, and said:—"Well, sir, I suppose that as usual they've sent the fool of the family to sea!" The midshipman quickly responded:—"Oh, no; they've changed all that since your time, sir."

A Nebraska paper, the Hooper Sentinel, relates that an up-country pastor posted on his church door this notice:—"Brother Smith departed for heaven at 4:30 A. M." And adds that on the next day he found written below:—"Heaven, 9:40 P. M.—Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

The foolishness of the way in which boys will brag one to another is well known. They will make any statement, no matter how wild, to gain supremacy.

Two such close neighbors were in conversation.

"Well!" said the one, "you haven't any call to be proud, my father's taller than yours."

"Bet you a nickel he ain't!" was the retort.

"Bet you he is!" said the first youngster. "My father can see over the wall at the end of the garden. Yours can't."

"Yes he can, smarty," responded the other, "with his hat on."

The mother of a little girl named Marjorie had become greatly interested in domestic economy. Several courses at a fashionable cooking school had opened her eyes to the fact that nothing should be wasted. The servants were daily, almost hourly admonished not to throw away any material which could be re-cooked or hashed or served up in some sort of edible manner. Of course the child heard the continual admonitions against waste so freely given.

Now Marjorie possessed a little kitten, which for some reason or other refused to continue the struggle for existence, turned up its paws to the daisies and died.

Marjorie appeared before her mother carrying the sad and drooping remains.

"Mamma," said she, "just see what I've found thrown away now! A perfectly good kitten."

It is well known that the late Queen Victoria was exceedingly fond of children and not infrequently invited the aspiring offsprings of the nobility to partake of a private lunch with her at Windsor. Of course these little ones were thoroughly coached beforehand by their parents and guardians as to how to comport themselves and also as to what to say. But it is one thing to train a child and quite another to count on what it will do under given circumstances.

One little girl made a memorable remark, which was not down in the programme as planned by her parents.

Everything had gone all right from the commencement of the lunch, until nearly its end, when Queen Victoria indulged in one of her peculiarities, which was to take a chicken bone in her fingers, as many of her democratic subjects are wont to do.

The little girl, who had been taught never to do such a thing, looked at her in open-mouthed amazement and finally exclaimed:

"Oh! piggy! piggy!"

Another little one who was introduced to the

royal presence, had been told just what to say, but at the critical moment was so frightened that she entirely forgot her lesson. But knowing that something was expected of her she remembered a familiar phrase which seemed applicable to the occasion, and said: "O Queen, live forever!"

An American lady tourist in England made a point of collecting all the odd epitaphs she could find in the country churchyards. One in particular pleased her. It recorded the death of a certain William Jones, and testified to his many virtues. The stone had evidently been raised by his widow who apparently had not been left in an independent position and found it necessary to work for a living. So, being an enterprising woman she had utilized the lower part of the stone as a perpetual advertisement, for it was announced that "His disconsolate widow carries on the tripe and trotter business at the old stand, Number 1 High Street."

This formed a good stock story, and the lady was one day telling it to a company of friends when a gentleman interrupted her at the point,—"His disconsolate widow carries on ——" "It is what most widows do," he remarked.

For some time past the verses generally ascribed to Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

> "Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
> Weep, and you weep alone,"

have been quoted as a truism, well phrased. Some wag has however improved on them from a practical standpoint. He says:—

> "Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
> Cry, and the laugh's on you."

When Daniel Webster visited Massachusetts for the purpose of delivering his Bunker Hill oration he was entertained at the house of a Charlestown merchant. This merchant was so embarrassed by the honor of the great statesman's presence that he brought out not only one but several decanters of the best liquor he had in the house. Mr. Webster carefully searched out the vessel containing the brandy, and poured from it a drink that to-day would be generally termed "a bath," and drank the liquor in a few complacent gulps. The anxiously obliging merchant inquired of Mr. Webster whether he would not like a glass of water. The senator looked up calmly, and in his most magnificent tones replied, urbanely: "I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty."

"Which was the greater of the two," asked a German examiner of his scholars, "Caesar or Hannibal?"

The youth who volunteered information, replied: "If we consider who Cæsar and Hannibal were, and ask ourselves which of them was the greater, we must decidedly answer in the affirmative."

There is a story of a Scotch gentleman who had to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a "character," and framed it in this way:—"I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of the garden than any man I ever employed."

On a train going from Chicago to Dubuque, Iowa, was a passenger in one of the sleeping cars who had been drinking heavily, but realized the fact that he was intoxicated. As he was about to retire he called a porter to him and handing him a dollar requested to be waked at Rockford, Ill., and said he: "Be sure and put me off whether I want to go or not. I know I'm pretty full, and when I am I'm liable to fight,

but don't mind that, just you put me off,—do you understand,—just you put me off!"

Early next morning as the train was nearing Dubuque and the passengers were hurriedly dressing, the colored porter with his head bandaged, one eye closed and his face showing hard usage, was attending to his duties. Just then the "Rockford" passenger crawled out of his berth, looked out to get his bearings and then went for that porter. "Look here, you scoundrel!" he cried. "What does this mean? Didn't I tell you to put me off at Rockford?"

The darky looked at him a moment and said: "Is you de gemman what wanted to be put off?"

"Certainly, and I gave you a dollar, you scoundrel, to see to it!"

"Well," said the porter, tenderly adjusting the bandage round his jaws, "if you's de gemman what giv' me dat dollar, what I want to know is jus' dis yer, who was de gemman dat I put off at Rockford?"

"Hullo!" shouted the waiter in an up-town saloon to the proprietor who, hands being short, was doing the drawing and sending the liquor down by the boy. "Is Mister Mulligan good for three drinks?"

"Is it Mister Mulligan, you say?"
"It is. Is he good for three drinks?"
"Has he had them?"
"He has."
"He is."

Just as the train was nearing the terminus an anxious woman, proprietor of many wraps and bundles, caught the conductor by the sleeve and said:—"Mister Conductor, please tell me, does this train stop at the Grand Central Depot?"

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "if it doesn't all I can say is that there'll be a mighty big bump."

Two Irishmen had visited St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The one was from the country and had been taken there by his friend who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur.

As they came out on the street and resumed their hats, the resident of the city said: "Well Mike, and phwat do youse think of it? Isn't it grand?"

"Mike Donovan," said the one from the country, "it bates the divil!"

"That," said the friend, "was the intintion."

"James," said a matronly woman to her son who was a Freshman at Yale, "I can generally get a pretty good idea of what the slang words you use mean, but I confess I do not understand what you mean by calling a man a 'lobster.' What is a man who is a 'lobster'?"

"Well, mother," he replied, "he's a fellow who never blushes unless he gets into hot water."

Just before the excavations were begun in Park Avenue, New York, for the underground tunnel, a policeman was attracted by the peculiar actions of a Hebrew, who, with a bag of clothing over his shoulder, was searching in the gutter for something.

"Lost anything?" asked the policeman.

"Ah, my tear frent," said the Jew, "I am ruined! I have lost a tventy tollar cold piece, ant it rolled into the cutter."

For some time the officer assisted in the search but all in vain.

"Well, well," said he to the distracted man, "I shall be on this beat until the morning and as soon as it is light I may find it. If you come back to-morrow night maybe I shall be able to let you have it."

When the Jew got home he found the piece of

gold within the lining of his vest pocket and so did not trouble to keep his appointment with his friend, the policeman.

One evening about two weeks later he passed the spot where he had met with his supposed loss. A great change had taken place, and the big ditch for the underground railroad was very deep.

Catching sight of the policeman he accosted him, and said :

"Mine frent, you have not found that tventy tollar cold piece? Eh? No?"

"No," was the reply.

"Vell," said the Jew, "if you don't find him pefore next Tuesday, you needn't dig any deeper."

Josh Billings used to say that when a man begins going down hill, all creation seems greased for the occasion.

"Oh, Mildred," cried one young lady, meeting a school friend of some two summers past, "I've heard the greatest piece of news. Can you keep a secret?"

"I don't know," said the friend. "I never tried. What is it?"

A well-known Australian writer—a very bad penman—in mentioning the name of a certain lady in an article, said she was "renowned for her graciousness and charity." For "charity" the compositor read "chastity." The author on seeing the proof recognized at once that there was an error, but being unable to remember the word he had used in place of "chastity," marked the proof with what is called a "query"—?—to refer the printer to his manuscript. When the article appeared, the writer—who had intended to pay a pretty compliment to the lady—was surprised to read that she was renowned for her graciousness and chastity (?). The verdict was for the plaintiff, and the writer was buried at the expense of the city.

It is said in Boston that a famous woman of that town who prides herself on being a blue-stocking once said in public that she thought T. B. Aldrich was effeminate. The remark was repeated to Aldrich as a joke, whereupon he drily remarked: "So I am compared with her."

In the "Diary of a Frenchman" by Flandrau he makes a student say to his chum: "I've an

idea that we're going to have 'je suis bon' in French to-day. I wish you would write out a few tenses for me. . . ."

Whereupon his friend wrote:—

Je suis bon,
Tu es bones,
Il est beans,
Nous sommes bonbons,
Vous êtes bonbonnières,
Ils sont bon-ton.

Judge Howland says that a clergyman was sent for in great haste by a man who was very ill and thought the end was approaching. He said to the minister, "I have been a great sinner. I am afraid my time is short. I want you to pray with me. You must be brief but fervent."

It took two men, Shakespeare and "Another," to fix a great truth in undying verse:—

"Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,"
"And four times he who gets his blow in fust."

Sir George Warrender who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself, said to his butler, while eat-

ing:—"John, this will make capital hash, to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir George," replied the servant, "if you leave off now."

Dowager Lady Shelly was traveling by the mail coach, with her footman outside when the coach was upset, turning completely over. The footman springing to his feet unhurt heard his mistress' voice saying:—"John, pull me out; the black legs are mine."

"There!" said Hooligan, "there, Misther Mooligan, see that wondtherful tunnel, an' here comes the thrain! Watch now an' let the wind whistle through your whiskers! Begorrah but 'tis a soight to make a man,—there look at that now!"

The train whizzed past them and was swallowed up in the darkness of the tunnel.

"An' what, Misther Mooligan," said Mr. Hooligan, "what do you think of that now?"

"Well, Mr. Hooligan," said Mr. Mooligan, "I'm thinking what would happen if the thrain missed the hole, so I am."

"Henry," said a bashful maiden to her regular young man, "I'm sure you love me, but give me

some proof of it. We can't marry on fifteen dollars a week."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said he distractedly.

"Save up five hundred dollars, and have it safe in the bank and I'll marry you."

One evening three months later, she cuddled up close to him on the sofa, and asked :—

"Henry, my love, have you saved up the five hundred dollars yet?"

"No, ducky," he replied; "that is, of course I've saved something."

"How much have you saved?"

"Just two dollars and a quarter."

"Oh, well," said the girl, "don't let's wait any longer. I guess that'll do."

"Mr. Mulligan," said Dennis, "you must have biniffited by the death of your mother-in-law, for whom you had shmall affection while she lived."

"I did."

"What did she leave you?"

"She left me alone,—isn't that enough?"

"But I understand you've been spinding a hundred dollars, if you've spint a cent to get her out of purgatory."

"Whisht now, and isn't it worth it to get her out before I get in?"

A "young-blood" belonging to the "newly rich" was invited by a friendly patron to his home at Tuxedo and given a ride on a blooded horse. It was a novel and most disagreeable experience, but somehow or other the young fellow maintained his balance until he came round to the starting place. Then with an effort to appear perfectly at his ease he said:—

"Cholly, dear boy, I'm just stuck on this horse of yours."

"Lucky for you," said the owner, "or you would have been off a dozen times."

Of late years the House of Commons has seen some lively times. Many of them have been brought about by the irascible but delightful Irish member, Dr. Tanner. On one occasion, when he had been indulging rather freely and his ever ready tongue being loosened, he met Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett in the lobby, and taking him to one side he said, in the greatest confidence, and without the slightest tinge of anger, but with a world of meaning: "Bartlett, you are a fool."

"You are drunk," retorted the knight.

"That's all right," replied Dr. Tanner. "To-morrow I shall be sober, but you will still be a fool."

During an operatic performance a fairly well known prima donna burst into her dressing-room and flung herself sobbing on the lounge. Her maid ran to her assistance and begged to know what was the matter. After a few incoherent ejaculations the singer told her awful story. She was approaching the end of an aria and was exceeding herself, when all of a sudden a horrid mouse ran right in front of her.

"Ah, madam, and you screamed?" asked the maid.

"Yes, yes, my prospects are forever blighted!"

Just then the maid answered a call bell and reported that the manager's assistant wished to see her.

"Let him come," said the singer.

"The manager," said the young man, "wants to know whether you ran away from the curtain call because you were sick?"

"No, I am well, it was only ——"

"That's all right, and he wants me to tell you that high C you let out at the end was the finest

he has heard in years, and that the audience is crazy over you. You must give a repeat."

"I can't, I can't," wailed the prima donna, "unless you get another mouse."

"Look here, old chappie," said a young man about town to a youthful benedict of his acquaintance, "I'm going to be married, and for the life of me I don't know what to call my mother-in-law. Can't say 'mother-in-law,' you know, and 'mother' would be too deucedly ridiculous. What did you do?"

"Almost forget. Think I mostly said 'Say,' the first year."

"Yes,—and afterward?"

"Oh, then it was easy,—we both called her grandmama."

The "Grocer At The Corner," says a young lady burst into his store the other day and said: "I—I want something for breakfast,—for,—say, two, something nice, you know."

"Some people like sausages," he suggested.

"Well, I'll take half a—er—yard," she said.

"Pound?" queried the grocer.

"Oh, I see," said the young lady, "yes, no, of

course, half a pound. And I want some eggs for boiling, vegetables, and ——"

"How would you like an eggplant?"

"Oh, can you grow them at home? I thought, —yes, but I wish I could get something,—a red vegetable for my blue china set. Oh! Beets! A quart of red beets. That's all. Send them to Miss Margaret Kingstone, 17 Marshmallow Street."

"Then," said the grocer, she fluttered out, but was back in a minute, flustered and blushing.

"Oh," said she, "I forgot something. I wanted to order a dozen buckwheat cakes to go with those sausages. And—and I made a mistake in the name and address. Send the things please to Mrs. Livingstone Travers, 17 Travesty Place. Mrs. Livingstone Travers, please."

"Mama," said a little fellow, as his mother was going out, rigged up in what he called her "besties," "won't you let me go to church along've you?"

"No, dear," said she, "you are too little yet."

"Oh, well," said the boy, "you'd better take me now, for when I'm as old as papa I may not want to go."

"Say, missus," said a rough little customer to the keeper of a delicatessen store, slamming down a tin pail as he spoke, "gi' me a pint o' molasses."

Shocked at his rudeness the good woman, attempting to correct his mode of address, said gently: "If—what?"

"If you've got it," said the urchin.

A gentleman looking for rooms saw a card on a house, "apartments to let," and was shown what the accommodations were by a very pretty servant girl. "Tell me," said he, "are you a part of the apartments?"

"No, sir," she replied, "the apartments are to let, but I am to be let alone."

During a "hold-up" on a western road one of the robbers entered the caboose, in which he found only one man, and he fast asleep. He roused him and demanded his money.

"Can't have it," said the man, "I want it myself."

At this the desperado put a revolver to his head and said: "Come, give it up at once or I'll blow your brains out."

"All right," said the traveler, "blow away

I may as well be without brains as without money."

A gentleman meeting another, and while not remembering who he was, feeling certain that he was acquainted with him, held out his hand and said: "I am sure I have met you somewhere."

"No doubt," was the reply, "I have been there often."

It is said of Lord Bacon that, on being asked to drink the King's health, he said: "No, no, I will pray for the health of the King, but drink for my own."

A gentleman accustomed to the signature of the firm in which he was a partner, having to sign a baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as the son of Smith, Jones & Co.

"Hullo!" exclaimed one young man meeting another on Broadway, "I hear your married sister, Kate, has been blessed with an addition to the family. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"That's what is bothering me," was the reply. "You see they didn't state, and so I don't know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

"I suppose," said a wag to his friend, "you know that Mary had a little lamb?"

"Of course! How absurd."

"Well, it was spoiled."

"How?"

"For want of mint sauce."

After his return from a trip to New York, Mr. Julius Bacon of Chicago was narrating to his family many instances where his observation had proved to him that, compared with the Windy City New York was nowhere.

"Why," said he as a fitting end to his tirade, "you mayn't believe it,—but I assure you it's a fact, they're so blamed lazy that they haven't energy enough to take off their coats when they sit down to a meal!"

A man passed the Potomac eastward, below Bladensburgh, that being his destination. Coming to the main road he turned to the right and after walking for some distance and seeing no sign of the place called to a farm-hand trudging slowly along just ahead of him, and said: "Say, my man, can you tell me whether I am on the right road to Bladensburgh."

"Yes, sir," replied the countryman, "but, if

you want to get there you had better turn around and go the other way."

Senator Tabor who was famous for his eccentricities, and whose name will long be remembered on account of the beautiful opera house erected by him in Denver, Colorado, if for nothing else, went into that building one day while it was still in course of construction and criticised much of the decoration. Over one doorway was a bust of Shakespeare, with whose features the senator was totally unacquainted.

"Hullo!" said he to the man in charge, "who's that fellow? I don't know him."

"That," was the reply, "is Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare? Shakespeare?" muttered Mr. Tabor, "Shakespeare? I never heard of him. Pray, what did he do for Denver?"

"For Denver, why nothing, he——"

"Nothing! Then take him down! Take him down at once!"

A lady who owned and was very proud of a marble bust of Diana, and who had cautioned her Irish servant never to touch it, as she would do the dusting herself, unfortunately had an acci-

dent one day and the piece fell to the floor and was broken.

Bridget found her mistress wringing her hands and bewailing the catastrophe.

"Oh!" cried the lady, "I always knew that something dreadful would happen to it! It is Kismet! It is Kismet!"

"And phwat is Kismet, mam?" asked the servant.

"Fate, Bridget, fate."

The following Sunday while Bridget was walking in the park with her young man, he noticed that she seemed lame, and asked what was the matter.

"Arrah, Moike, I've corns on me Kismet!"

"What's your Kismet?" he asked.

"Me 'fate,' shure."

"Oh, John," said a middle aged woman to her rather henpecked husband, "you ought to be thankful you are married. I see statistics show that the lives of married men are longer than those of bachelors. Do you believe it is true?"

"No," said he, "they only seem longer."

When Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was in the early stages of development, at a meeting of the

commissioners, a proposition was made that about a dozen gondolas should be purchased to add to the picturesqueness of the lake.

An Irish member, with an eye to economy rose and protested against what he termed, "needless extravagance." "If," said he, "we really need so many, why not order two,—one male and one female, and then let Nature take its course?"

When Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar, member of Cleveland's Cabinet, went to Washington, he wanted to find a suitable home. Among the numerous offers was one from Mrs. Dahlgren, who was anxious to lease her beautiful residence for a long term. After expatiating on its numerous advantages, the lady quoted the price for annual rental at $7,500, and said: "What do you think of it, Mr. Lamar?"

"Well," said he gravely, stroking his chin, "I am only wondering how I can manage to spend the other five hundred dollars of my salary."

"What makes you say that?"

"He had the effrontery to declare before a lot of literary fellows and newspaper men last night that he was the greatest actor on earth."

"I should call that strangely modest, for de Sutrey."

"How do you mean?"

"He used to say that he was the greatest actor that had ever lived."

Whether true or not, it is said that an office-seeker once applied to Dry Dollar Sullivan for a small position, and was told that a Civil Service examination was requisite. The applicant admitted that he did not have the necessary education to enable him to pass, but declared it was all humbug and that he could run the office just as well as any other man, examination or no examination, and again besought the place. "For," said he, "you know you can do it if you've a mind to."

"I assure you," said Mr. Sullivan, "it would be against the constitution."

"Oh, well, see here," said the man, "what's the constitution between friends?"

An American, traveling in a third class smoking compartment on an English railroad, discovered that while he had cigars in plenty he had left without supplying himself with matches. Opposite him sat a mechanic, from somewhere

the Midland counties, who, having filled a short clay pipe with tobacco, struck a light and proceeded to start his smoke.

"After you with that light, if you please," said the American.

The man stared stolidly at him, and finally said in tones of indignation: "After me? Well I should think so! It's ma (my) match!"

A young lady, visiting in the country for the first time, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and shaking her parasol at the animal, she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir; lie down!"

A clergyman wandering over the fields one quiet Sunday afternoon saw a young fellow who was well known to him by reputation,—or the want of one, who was accompanied by a fierce looking bull terrier and was evidently engaged in the reprehensible sport of "ratting." The clergyman observing the ragged appearance of the man thought to accomplish good in a roundabout way, and one which would not raise resentment.

"George Cullen," said he, "I am afraid times are hard with you. Now if you would mend your ways you could mend your clothes. That

dog is probably worth something. Sell the brute and you could buy a good pig, which, fattened, would be far more valuable."

"Ah," said the man, "an' wouldn't I look fine goin' rattin' wi' a pig."

A school-marm reproving a young offender said: "Now, Tommy, Tommy, you know better than that,—you shouldn't say, 'Willy done it' that isn't right."

"Ah, no of course not," said Tommy with just resentment, "then Willy lied about it."

A German who had been severely and painfully stepped on by a burly Irishman who plowed his way through the crowded car, said: "Mine frent, I know that mine feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot brivilege belongs to me."

In the good old,—bad old days of the Tweed Ring, when politicians were corruptible, and politics corrupt, an Irishman "with a pull" dropped into one of the official sanctums with a complaint.

"Arrah!" said he, "I would have you know that I command forty votes. Well, sorr, the wather comes into me cellar so free and so fast,

that, all me chickens,—and they were twinty-four if they was one,—was drownded. Seeing me influence in the ward I want me cellar fixed at the public expense. Twinty-four chickens drownded as dead as dead can be,—and me the loser,—with forty votes, so please you."

"Mike," said his Honor, "keep ducks."

We have boiled the hydrant water;
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device;
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice.

We are never tired of poking fun at the Englishman because of his inability to see a joke.

An American lady knowing this was tempted to test a newly arrived English Baronet who was paying her marked attentions but who was so insular in his ideas that she could see no good in him.

He had just protested quite loudly against the slur cast upon his countrymen for density, and so with a sparkle in her eye, the young lady said:

"Oh, I didn't mean you. I am sure you are

quick to see a joke. Did you ever hear of that one they tell of a museum in Philadelphia where they exhibit two skulls of Franklin,—one when he was twelve years old and the other when he was forty?"

"No," replied the Englishman. "What was it?"

Some little time ago a correspondent wrote to the New York "Sun" and asked "What is the Social Purity League anyhow?"

And the Editor,—always caustic in his humor wrote:—"A number of pure men and women whose happiness consists in finding impure things."

The Roxbury "Gazette" says:—"A man can hardly fail to get rich,—if—he fails to get rich."

"I understand," said a visitor from Philadelphia to a friend in Boston, "that you have so high an opinion of your city that you think heaven must be like Boston."

"Well," was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I believe I did say so some time ago, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last few years."

"Tim," said the priest accosting one of his congregation who was about to enter a saloon, "sure, ye're not going into that sink of temptation and iniquity?"

"Sure oi am, yer Riverince."

"If ye do, Tim, sure the Divel will go along wid ye."

"Faith thin," said Tim, "if he does he'll have to pay for his own dhrink, for oi've only got the price of wan."

Chauncey M. Depew, one of the best story tellers that ever lived, said in one of his speeches, "The English are a methodical, plain and straightforward people. Sometimes American humor is not clear to them. I remember one thing in connection with a trip I made abroad one time. I was invited to attend a dinner given by a medical society. I was called upon for a speech, and in the course of my talk I said that I knew a woman who lived on Long Island and ate so many clams that her waist rose and fell with the tide. The joke did not seem to take, but I lived through it. Sometime afterward, in looking through an English medical journal, I saw this story reprinted and stated as a pathological fact."

The Reverend Dr. Joseph Parker of the City Temple, London, once had a collection, to the announcement of which he added with deep pathos: "Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute."

A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object.

"This time," said the preacher, "widows and orphans will not be exempt; for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday."

A young lady in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, by the name of Miss Helen Hunt found a purse in church one Sunday morning and reported it to her pastor with the request that he should announce the finding of the purse, and state that it would be returned to the owner upon application.

The following Sunday, the minister, much to the amusement and consternation of his congregation, said:—"Somebody lost a purse here last Sunday at the evening service, and if the owner wants the property he can go to Helen Hunt for it."

A quiet, middle-aged gentleman, at a very fine

reception recognized a prominent man, and mustering up courage addressed him:

"I understand you're an old friend of Mrs. Golightly?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I've known her very intimately for several years."

"Indeed," said the first speaker, "well, I'm her husband."

"Ah, is that so? Glad to meet you, I'm sure. I've heard Mrs. Golightly speak of you."

An Earl, lately deceased, who had no family, was notorious for his hatred of children, and on one occasion he engaged, as lodge-keeper, an army pensioner named McMicken. Some few months later McMicken's wife presented him with a son and heir. On hearing of the occurrence his lordship rode down to the lodge in a terrible rage.

"I hear," said he to Mr. McMicken, "that your wife has a son."

"Yes, my Lord," said the man proudly.

"Well now, look here, McMicken; when I put you here, it was to open and shut a gate, but by the Lord Harry, not to propagate."

The occupants of a club house out West were

one evening much interested in a most distinguished-looking stranger who had but one arm. In groups they discussed him, and their curiosity at last became so strong that one of their number, acting as spokesman, approached the stranger and said:

"Been in the army, I take it?"

"Never in my life," replied the one-armed man complacently.

"Machinery, maybe?"

"No."

"Wreck?"

"Never was in a wreck."

After five minutes' silence the questioner began again: "Blood-poisoning made it necessary to amputate, maybe?"

"No."

"Ever fought a duel?"

"Never."

Another five minutes of uncomfortable silence. Finally the one-armed stranger spoke:

"I see you are naturally curious to know how I lost my arm. Well I will tell you, on the condition that if I do, you will ask no further questions."

The promise was readily given.

"Well, sir,—it was bit off."

The only way to avoid growing old is to die young.

A Scotsman was presenting a letter of introduction to a merchant in the Ecuadorian capital, Quito. Ecuador is noted for its earthquakes. The houses are but one story in height, and the windows and doors of the thick walls are the universal niches for safety.

Of course at that moment an earthquake had to come along.

Like a flash the merchant shot into one of the window niches, yelling to the stranger, "Pronto! Pronto!" which means "Quick! Quick!"

In narrating the incident afterward the Scotsman said: "I didn't know Spanish, and I didn't know what 'Pronto' meant; but you may bet I prontoed all the same."

At a country hotel a gentleman having made himself comfortable in one of the best seats, called for a bowl of soup. When it was served he looked at it, and said:

"Waiter, I can't eat this soup."

At once the polite waiter, without any questioning, took the bowl away and brought a second soup, which he poured into the gentle-

man's plate with a flourish, and said: "There sir, I guess you'll find that all right."

"No," said the gentleman, after looking at it, "and I can't eat this soup either."

Away rushed the waiter for the proprietor who at once came and enquired: "What is the matter, sir, why can't you eat that soup?"

"Well," said the guest, "because I have no spoon."

"Look at that now," said the proud Irish mother, holding up her new-born son for admiration, "isn't he a beauty? An' sure everybody swears he's just the picture of his mither!"

"I wouldn't worry about that too much," said the guest, "so long as he's healthy."

An Englishman was talking to an American editor with whom he had become acquainted on the trip across the ocean. "Well," said he in answer to some disparaging remark, "you must admit that any man of letters, whether English or American, would be proud to be buried in Westminster Abbey."

"Not at all," replied the editor. "I am a man of letters and I would not consent to be buried there to-morrow, if I had the offer."

A family living in West Philadelphia found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing over night, and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said: "Look here, I have never seen anything like this before on your milk."

The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head, and replied, "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out and I'll give you a fresh bottle in its place."

The surest sign that the door bell will ring is when you are the only one in the house and are in the bath-tub.

"Phœbe," said a mistress in reproof to her colored servant whom she found smoking a short pipe after having repeatedly threatened to discharge her if again caught in the act, "if you won't stop that filthy act for any other reason do so because it is right. You are a good church member,—and, don't you know that smoking makes the breath unpleasant, and that nothing unclean can enter heaven?"

"'Deed, missie, I does," said the woman, "but Lor' bress yo' heart, when I go to heaben I'll leave my bref behin' me."

The Irish squires of old were not highly educated, but they managed to hold their own, so far as their tenantry was concerned. As to their personal matters that was another story. One old squire who was very sick sent word to his doctor to be sure and come and see him the first thing in the morning. To be sure that his call would be attended to he put it in writing, which, for him was a great feat. "Doctor," so ran the letter, "come at once, and bring some stuff for the gout with ye."

The doctor duly arrived, examined the sick man and said: "Man alive you have no gout! It is rheumatism that ails you. What made you send for medicine for the gout?"

"Sure, doctor, I know it's rheumatism as well as yourself, and I would have tould you so in the letter, only there wasn't wan in the house that could spell the word."

In the days of dueling in Ireland an antagonist wrote to his challenger:

"DEAR SIR:

"I must decline to meet you with pistols. I have no desire to leave my poor old mother, at the age of seventy-five an orphan."

'Way down in Florida two darkies were discussing as to the color of certain Biblical personages. One of them asserted that, as Palestine was about in a line with Africa the people must all have been colored.

"Lor' bress yo' heart," said the speaker, "Saint Peter an' Saint Paul, and the rest of the Apostles was as w'ite as that Noth'n gen'l'man ober dere."

"No, sah!" said the man in opposition. "Paul may ha' been, but Saint Peter?—no sah! St. Peter was a col'd gen'l'man."

"You're wrong, for if Saint Peter'd been culler'd dat cock wouldn't ha' crowed more'n once't."

"Hullo!" said a farmer shoving his head out of the window one cold winter night, in answer to a knock at his door, "who's that?"

"Me," was the reply. "Your neighbor, Squire Hawkins said that he felt sure you would have no objection to my staying here over night."

"Well," said the farmer, "Squire Hawkins always was a queer cuss, but if you're of the same opinion and really want to stay there, I guess I won't raise any objections."

"Why, Susan," said a mistress to her maid of all work who had been given an evening off, "what was the matter that you came home so early last night? Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"Up to the supper, ma'am," was the reply, "everything was like heaven, but then I received an insult, and it was my place, as a self-respecting young woman to return to my domicle."

"Who insulted you?"

"My young man, he had the impertinence to ask me if my program was full, an' I'm sure I'd never had nothin' but a sangwich an' a glass of lemonade,—an' if you'd been in my place, ma'am, you'd ha' done as I done."

Up in Canada an American came across a lonely hut and interviewed the proprietor with a view to writing up the locality.

"Whose house is this?" he asked.

"Moggs."

"What in the world is it built of?"

"Logs."

"Any animals natural to the locality?"

"Frogs."

"What sort of soil have you?"

"Bogs."

"How about the climate?"

"Fogs."
"What do you live on chiefly?"
"Hogs."
"Have you any friends?"
"Dogs."

In the days of dueling in Ireland two combatants met near Dublin and one of them being near-sighted, a dispute arose as to the conditions of the fight. The short-sighted man's second insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they both fire at the same time.

"Good gracious!" said a wag to a waiter in a down-town restaurant the other day as he was using the pepper castor over a dish of oysters, "this pepper is half peas." The waiter was indignant and assured the gentleman that it was the best to be had for any money. "Nevertheless," said the wag, "your pepper is one half peas. Suppose you spell it."

A man went into a butcher's shop and asked how much sausages were a pound.

"Ah," said the butcher, "der brice vas gone

ups. I shall haf to sharge you tventy-five cents."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the customer, "that is outrageous. I can get them at Schmidt's for twenty cents."

"Vell, vy didn't you?"

"Because he was out of them."

"O, vell," replied the butcher, "if I vas oudt of 'em, I'd sell 'em for tventy cents too."

There was a father who was very angry because he had heard his small son had been using slang, and he had brought him up in such exclusion that the fond father wondered where and how the bad boy had come across the word.

"Tommy," said he sternly, "how dare you use that wicked word? And to swear before your own father, how could you do it?"

"Well, pop," said the youngster, "how was I to know you wanted to swear first?"

"Joe, dear," said a young wife to her husband at the Grand Central Depot, New York, who was just starting for Chicago, "you won't forget me, will you, while you are away?"

"Certainly not, little blossom," said Joe stoutly, "but you know I'm awfully forgetful."

"Oh well," said the little wife complacently, "give me your pocket handkerchief and I'll tie a knot in it."

"Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me!"

"Vell," said his Dutch friend, "and vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you voted against me!"

"Vell, vat if I did?"

"Then sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?"

A Cincinnati man was very proud of his ability to pick out tender fowls and geese. But he had his own method of doing this which he only tried once on each tradesman. For example he would accost the seller in such a way as to give him the impression that he wanted to buy out the entire stock.

"How many have you?" he would say.

About a dozen.

"Well," would be the reply, "I keep a boarding house, and it's a mighty risky business. I dunno that I want the whole dozen. I find it goes easier, so far as I'm concerned, when the blamed fowls are so tough, they don't want no

second help. You say you have a dozen. Then pick me out nine of the toughest."

The farmer, only too willing to comply, does so.

Then his customer would pick up the remaining three, and say, "Well, it's hard on them fellows, an' I feel generous to-day. Guess I'll take these three."

A professor of chemistry examining his class, asked the question: "Suppose you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

There was silence in the room for some seconds, for none of the pupils knew the answer.

Finally the youngest of the students murmured, as a sort of suggestion, rather than a solution: "The sacrament."

An amusing thing happened in a New York court the other day. It was in one of the very rough sections of the city, where the dignity of the law is not strenuously enforced, and the court room had been filled with a most unruly mob all the morning. The judge, who was the very essence of good nature as a rule, lost his temper

for once, and, striking the desk with his fist, shouted: "Silence! Silence! This noise will have to be put to a stop, or I'll have every man, woman and child thrown out into the street! We have decided not less than half a dozen cases this morning, and, I declare, I have not heard a word of one of them!"

"Now," said one young swell to another, "wasn't that a silly thing for Harry Jolly to say?"

"What?"

"Why, he went into a shoe store,—quite a swagger place you know, and the clerk,—you know, took one of his shoes off,—don't you know, and asked him, quite regular, what number he wore? And what do you think the chump said?"

"Don't know, you know."

"Oh, no," he said, "why two of course."

"And so they go," said a member of a Boston school committee: "our great men are fast departing; and now our honored president has passed away,—and I don't feel very well myself."

The famous divine and wit, Sidney Smith, was

both good-natured and tolerant; but when Lord Melbourne, whom he had gone to see upon some business, interlarded his conversation with much cursing and swearing, he quietly remarked: "Let us assume that everybody and everything are damned, and proceed to the subject."

A clergyman startled his congregation by informing them that it was his intention, in a few days' time to go on a mission to the heathen. At the close of the service many prominent members crowded round him, and expressed astonishment at this unexpected turn in his affairs, and begged to know when he was going, where he was going and what they were going to do while he was gone.

"My good friends," said he, "to go on a mission to the heathen will not necessitate my leaving town. Ask yourselves whether that is not the case."

A gentleman at a party who was very slightly acquainted with those present, found the time hang heavily on his hands, and seeing another man who appeared to be in the same plight, he went up to him and said: "Say, don't you find

this affair awfully stupid? Come out with me and take a drink."

"I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't very well leave."

"Why not?"

"You see,—unfortunately,—I'm the one who is giving the party."

"There! that explains where my clothes-line went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

An acquaintance of the late Josh Billings, was one day talking with him about the remarkable increase of imitations and substitutes for original articles, as "oleomargarine" for "butter," "celluloid" for "ivory," and so forth, "and," said he, "many of the substitutes go ahead of the real thing. I guess in time there will be a substitute for everything,—though I don't know about 'wisdom.'"

"No," replied the humorist, "up to the present time, at least, there is no really good substitute for wisdom. But silence is the best that has so far been discovered."

"Manda!" shouted an old colored man to his

wife, "is you got dem chickens corraled in de smoke-house like I told yer?"

"No!" was the reply, "an' I like to know whar's de matter wid you, dat you's so 'tickler about dem chickens all at once!"

"Nebber you mind! I know whar's de matter, an' dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed! When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in de nex' yard is gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I wants to be shore dat my chickens doesn't tend it, yo' hear me?"

"Teacher," said a little five year old girl at the Sunday-school, "we've had an awful loss in our fam'ly."

"Indeed! Why, my dear, I didn't hear of it. Who is dead?"

"Our dog, 'Sickem.' He was awful good, teacher, but I bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk, for he was awful cross to strangers."

"Say," said one commuter to another, "did you hear the last thing about Jim Smith?"

"No," was the reply, "I never expect to live to hear the last thing of Jim. What is it?"

"Well, his wife,—you know how dreadfully

fat and clumsy she is, started to cross the track the other day and nearly got knocked to smithereens."

"Yes,—well what did Smith say?"

"Best thing of his yet. He said if she'd gone a step father, his kids would have had a stepmother."

Two small boys, Tommy and Jimmy, had been rude to their mama and had been sent early to bed, with the promise that "when papa came home they would catch it." The youngsters lay shivering in bed for some time and presently heard the front door bell ring, which meant that "papa" had arrived on the scene of action, and that justice was to be meted out very shortly.

"Tommy," said Jimmy, "I shall pretend to be asleep."

"I shan't," said Tommy. "I shall get up and put something on."

A Galena girl at a circus, some time ago, was looking at a clown whirling a hat with a stick, and remarked to her young man that she "used to do that." But the young man was looking at a contortionist in another part of the arena who

had his legs tied round his neck, and an explanation was necessary.

An Irishman, who for some reason did not wish to be taken for such, and was not proud of his brogue entered into a heated argument on the subject with a friend who was a lawyer, and finally said: "If I were on thrial for the brogue, do you mane to say that anny jury in the counthry would bring me in guilty?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "speaking professionally, I would advise that if you wish to deny the brogue, you had better do so in writing."

The following notice was posted in a pleasure boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir, Ireland. "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

The following is an example of an Irish bull: A priest, meeting one of his parishioners, accosts him, and says: "Tom, you've been drinking again! Why don't you become a teetotaler? You've never seen a teetotaler drunk, Tom."

"Ah, your riverence," replied Tom, "I've seen

manny a man drunk, but I couldn't tell for the life of me whether they wor teetotalers or not."

A well-known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible, for the "breaks" he made, than for his many successes, attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the orchestra who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

Mr. Stetson at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why, Mr. Stetson," said the musician, "I can't play; I have nineteen bars rest."

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager. "I don't pay any one for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out, see?"

A western editor who wrote the most scathing articles about the opposite party and was supposed to be a very "fire-eater" was in the matter of love extremely bashful. He tried again and again to propose to the girl of his choice, but could not bring himself to the sticking point. Finally he wrote, and such was the force of habit

that his letter ran: "Dear Miss Jane. If you care to make application in the usual manner I have a vacancy for a wife. In replying be brief, and write on one side of the paper only. Sign your full name, not necessarily for the purpose of publication. Enclose stamps if you wish the manuscript returned."

"My dear Dolly," said a young husband, "honestly I cannot congratulate you on your success with this pudding. It is simply rank."

"Charley!" exclaimed the little wife, "how absurd! It is all imagination! The cook book says it tastes like ambrosia."

James Fullerton Muirhead in his most entertaining book "The Land of Contrasts" tells of an American girl who was patronizingly praised by an Englishman for the purity of her English and who replied: "Well, I had special advantages, inasmuch as an English missionary was stationed near our tribe."

Frank and John, two brothers who live with their parents in a Harlem flat, had a friend visiting them recently. In the course of the afternoon their mother brought in a plate with three

pieces of cake on it, two were of equal size, but the third was much smaller. The plate was first passed to the friend who took one of the larger pieces, then to John who took the remaining large piece. As Frank took the small one he looked at his brother, and said in an "aside," "Hog!"

"Well," said John, "if it had been passed to you first which would you have taken?"

"The small piece, of course," said Frank, with righteous indignation.

"Well, then, what are you kicking about," responded John, "that's the piece you've got, isn't it?"

"Oh, Georgie, Georgie!" exclaimed a fond mother, when she saw her small boy considerably battered up, and dirty, "you have been fighting again! How often have I told you that you shouldn't fight?"

"Well," said he, "what are you going to do when a fellow hits you?"

"Why keep out of his way," said the mother.

"I bet," said the youngster, "he'll keep out of mine after this."

The story is told of one of the presidents of

Princeton that the venerable doctor was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during them he gave out the notices to the students. The doctor always closed with a fervent prayer.

One morning, after he had read the notices as usual, a student came up with another notice that Professor Karge's French class would be held at nine o'clock that day instead of 9:30. The president said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Karge would be much disappointed if the notice were not read. The exercises went on and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the Senators and Representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the Mayor and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in college. In the meantime Professor Karge's notice came into his mind, and the students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of at 9:30 as usual."

A literary lady at a society dinner was given a

seat next to a noted scientist whose views were very materialistic, and at some remark he made on the origin of mankind, the lady found her temper tried beyond all bearing, so that she retorted: "I really don't care what you say. I believe in the Bible, and there we are told that Adam was the father of all living."

"I really think you are mistaken," he said with a smile, and so the subject dropped.

A few days later the lady writing to a bosom friend told her of the occurrence and added: "I am too mortified, for I have looked the matter up and it only says that Eve was the mother of all living, and so I don't know whether to write to the professor or not."

A high building was being erected in Dublin, Ireland, when a workman lost his footing and fell from the roof, but in his fall he managed to grasp a telegraph wire, which still left him at a perilous height from the ground.

"Hang on, for your life!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and some of them ran to procure a mattress on which he could drop. He held on for a few seconds only, and then shouted: "Sthand from undher!" and dropped. He was picked up senseless and carried to a hospital. On his re-

covery he was asked why he did not hang on longer.

"Shure," said he, "I was afraid the wire wud break."

Several seasons ago when the Raglan overcoat was all the rage, a lady from the country seeing one for the first time, asked her friend,—the perennially delightful Mrs. Ramsbottom, what it was.

"That," said the worthy lady, "is the Knee plus Ulster."

An Irish landowner going over his property came across a field-hand whom he had not seen for several weeks, and about whom there was much gossip.

"Pat, Pat!" said he, "I've heard some queer stories about your doings of late, an' you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so ye ought."

"Ah, sorr," replied the man, "don't believe them, sorr. Shore one-half the lies tould about me by the naybors isn't thrue!"

During the general depression of trade which occurred some few years ago, a gentleman purchasing some flowers remarked to the florist: "I

suppose that these hard times people buy fewer flowers than formerly?"

"O no," was the reply, "they pay fewer bills."

"What will you charge," said a young man to a jeweler, "to engrave on the inside of this ring 'From George to Alice'? It's an engagement ring, but I have to economize, you know."

"Well, sir," answered the jeweler, "I would advise that you merely have the words, 'From George,' and then it will do to use again."

"Look here," said the magistrate who was trying a case of assault and battery, "do you mean to stand there,—a great, strong, healthy man like you, and tell me that such a physical wreck as the plaintiff could possibly have given you that black eye?"

"Ah, sir," replied the defendant, "he gave me the black eye before I made him a physical wreck."

A poor woman who had had her husband arrested for ill-treating her, relented when she saw him in the prisoner's dock, and said to the magistrate:

"O, sir, perhaps he'll reform. Let him off this time, and I'll leave him to his God."

"O, no," said the judge, "it is far too serious a matter for that, my good woman."

A stammering prisoner upon being asked his name, began: "S-s—s-s-s—sp—s-s—sp——"

"Don't get flurried, my good man," said the judge encouragingly. "What is your name?"

Again the man began: "S-s-s—sp——"

"Oh, this will never do," exclaimed the magistrate. "What is he charged with, officer?"

"Please, sir," was the grave reply, "I should say at a guess, that it was soda water."

Mrs. McCabe met her friend Mrs. O'Brien and, says she, "Good-marning, Mrs. O'Brien, an' phwat makes ye look so sad?"

"Good-marning, Mrs. McCabe," says Mrs. O'Brien, "an' is it sad I'm lookin'. Then 'tis no wunder. Shure, me own Dennis is sint to prison for six blessed months, so he is."

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien," said her friend, in an effort to comfort her in her affliction, "don't take on so about it, bedad! Six months will be gone before you know it."

"Arrah!" replied Mrs. O'Brien, wiping her

eyes with her apron, "an' that's phwat worries me."

"George," said Hilda, looking up from the morning paper which she was reading, "it says here that another octogenarian is dead. What is an octogenarian?"

"Well, I don't know what they are, but they must be very sickly creatures. You never hear of them but they are dying."

The first job that Casey got in New York after landing was as a diver to work on the foundations of the new bridge. Everything was explained to him. "And," said the foreman, "all you have to do is the same as you do on dry land. You're not afraid of the water?"

"No, sorr," said Casey, "so long as 'tis on the outside of me."

"Here's your pick," said the foreman, "and now we'll screw the helmet on. Good-bye."

"Phat'll I do if there ain't gas enough to go around for an honest workman?"

"Pull the rope," said the foreman. "If anything goes wrong, pull the rope."

"Bedad, an' I will," said Casey.

Down he went in regulation style only kicking

a little, as new hands will. Lower and lower went Casey until he struck bottom. Then there was a pause. The men at the derrick laughed. Then like a flash the rope was pulled violently again and again. Something was wrong,—it was a new hand,—it was a question of life or death, and "willing hands" strained at the windlass which brought Casey once more to life and liberty.

"And what was the matter?" asked the foreman as he unscrewed the helmet and found the man apparently all right.

"Arrah," said Casey, "an' I'd ha' done me duty, but how in thunder do you expect a man to worrk with a pick if he can't spit on his hands? Will you tell me now?"

An adjutant had lectured a squad of recruits on every form of drill and movement, and wound up with this piece of advice: "Remember that on the field of battle a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest, and every one of you knows where that is."

"Yes, sir," said one of the men, "it's in the ammunition-waggin."

A Scotch caddie who wished to keep on the

right side of those who engaged his services, after every bad shot had been made would say, "It micht hae been waur." ("It might have been worse.") This proved so irritating to his most regular employer, a clergyman, that he peremptorily told him to stop using the expression.

The caddie with a look of surprise at such unusual display of temper, said: "Ye'll no be feeling verra weil the day, I'm afraid ye'll no do yersel' justice."

"Andrew," replied the clergyman, ashamed of his hastiness, "I'm not myself this morning. I had a wretched night last night. I dreamed the most shocking things, and that I was in a place where the wicked are punished. I saw one poor soul swimming in a lake of boiling pitch, and just as I awoke I thought some one behind me pushed me in and ——"

"Aye sir, that was awfu' but it micht hae been waur."

"Waur! You fool! How could that be?"

"It micht hae been true."

"How," said a lawyer to a witness, "how can you possibly bear such testimony against this man who you say is your friend."

"Sir," said the man, "he is my friend, and I love him, but I love Truth more."

"You should be ashamed," replied the lawyer, "to turn your back on a friend for one who is a perfect stranger to you."

One of the best stories told of the famous Father James Healy, of Bray, who was never at a loss for an answer, whether he was posted on the subject or not, is, that when he was dining with Earl Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge, some one of an enquiring turn of mind said to him, "As you are of course well up in Biblical subjects, will you tell us the difference between the two forms of angels, the Cherubin and the Seraphin?"

"Well," replied Father Healy, "I believe there was a difference between them a long time ago; but, I am glad to say they have since made it up."

A young wife who had received some very elegant and expensive wedding presents, gave a select luncheon and used on the table several of the choicest pieces of her china, among them being an exceedingly fine platter of real Royal Worcester. She gave her servant strict instruc-

tions to leave all the good pieces for her to wash up so that there could be no accident.

As soon as her friends had left the young lady went to the kitchen. Immediately she missed the finest dish, and asked where it was.

"Sure ma'am," said the girl, "I bruke it."

"Oh, Bridget!" exclaimed the lady in horror.

"But, I did what you said, ma'am, I kept the best pieces for you to wash up."

The lady threw herself into the nearest chair, and began to bewail her loss. "Bridget!" said she, "that was the finest piece of china I owned or ever expect to own. I shall never, never be rich enough to buy another like it."

"Oh, well, ma'am," replied the servant girl folding her arms, "if you will live beyond your means you mustn't blame me for it."

A representative of Mississippi tells this story:

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply, "I ain't done nothing to be called names. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defensing."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gen'l'man what stole the chickens."

An Irish priest who was an advocate of temperance induced one of his parishioners to sign the pledge, and very shortly afterward met him on the highway evidently much under the influence of liquor.

"Pat," said he in tones of reproof, "did you not sign the pledge in my very sight the other day?"

"Indeed an' I did, your riverence."

"Well, then you should be a teetotaler?"

"Thrue for you, your riverence, so I am, but I'm not a bigotted wan."

A Southern lady tells of a young colored girl in her employ who tried her patience almost beyond endurance by her mischief. Again and again she scolded and talked to her but nothing she could say produced any effect. Finally out of all patience she said,—

"'Mandy, if you don't turn over a new leaf and promise to be a good girl I shall have to discharge you."

"'Deed an' will'm, I promise shore, 'deed an' I do."

The next day, however, the little imp got up to new mischief.

"'Mandy," said her mistress, "didn't you promise to be good?"

"O, yes'm," said 'Mandy. "An' 'deed I will."

"Well, you don't call this being good, do you? When are you going to begin?"

"Well'm," said the girl, "ah jus' tho't ah'd wait foh Monday befo' beginning."

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler once put the question, "What is the chief end of man?" to a gathering of Sunday-school scholars, and received for an answer, "To glorify God and annoy him forever."

"Say," said a young swell to a chum, "you wouldn't believe that Jack had so much spunk, but 'pon my word he called down a cabby last night. He's sorry for it to-day, however."

"Why?"

"The cabby came down."

The cabmen in London are noted for their rough wit, which at times amounts to mere rudeness. An American traveler tells of one smart remark made by a cabby who set down a young dude, late at night, in South Brompton, who had only just enough fare in his pocket. The young

man wore a hat with an exaggerated brim, which was then the height of fashion.

Looking carefully at the coin, the cabby turned on his customer and exclaimed:

"You little beauty! Come out of that 'at, will you, an' I'll punch your 'ead for you. I know you're in the bloomin' 'at 'cos I can see your feet."

An old lady, brought up as witness before a bench of magistrates in England, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying:

"There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

"O," said the judge, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up here and teach us?"

"No, thank you, sir," replied the lady, "there are old women enough there already."

The inevitable small boy came home in the usual state of undress, his face bearing unmistakable signs of his having had a fight.

"O, Willie, Willie," exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me

again. How often have I told you not to play with that Williams boy?"

"Mama," said Willie, in utter disgust, because his mother being a woman, didn't understand, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

Generally it is the father of the girl that the trembling young man has to see when he wishes to propose, but sometimes it is the mother.

One such unfortunate called on the old lady and was met with absolute frigidity.

When his mission was announced the mother nearly had a fit.

"No, sir!" she exclaimed, "I have not encouraged your visits. On the contrary, I have opposed them. Now I feel that you have taken a mean advantage of our hospitality,—for it was nothing more, and now you intend, if possible, to steal our one ewe lamb."

Then the young man was angry, for he had received every possible encouragement.

"Madam," said he to the astonished lady, who fully expected and hoped that he would go down on his knees to beg for the honor of an alliance with the house, "madam, if I cannot have the

family lamb, you will excuse me from continuing this interview with the family mutton."

"Ethel!" said a reproving mother to her small daughter, "how dare you speak to your father like that? Did you ever hear me speak in such a manner to him?"

"No," said Ethel, "but you choosed him, and I didn't."

A young husband who had not found married life exactly a path of roses, and who sincerely wished to prove to his wife the depth of his affection, went home one evening and said, cheerily: "Well, 'Tilda, you can't guess what I have done to-day?"

"Made a fool of yourself, as usual," replied 'Tilda, ungraciously.

"That's as you look at it dear one."

"Oh, John Henry," said the wife, "if you've done anything more than usually idiotic out with it, and have done with it. What under creation have you been up to now?"

"'Tilda, dearest, I have insured my life."

"Well," said the irate little woman, "I always knew you were mean! Insured your life, indeed! Ah! Always looking out for yourself first!"

A missionary from China gave an impromptu lecture on the subject of the country, and the work being done there, before an audience of Sunday-school scholars, and believed he had thoroughly impressed the children with the idea of idolatry. To test them, he put the question:

"Children, if you were to go into a Chinese place of worship what would you see there that you would not see in any place of worship in this country?"

With one voice the entire class yelled, "Chinese!"

A lady crossing from France to England was asked by the Customs officer if she had anything dutiable, she assured him that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunks, but at the bottom of the largest one, which to him seemed the most suspicious were found twelve bottles of brandy.

"Madam," said the officer sarcastically, "do you call these wearing apparel?"

"Certainly," she replied sweetly, "those are my husband's night-caps."

"Please, sir," said the office boy coming into

the private office and addressing his employer, "there's a lady outside wants to see you."

"Is she good-looking, James?"

"Yes, sir, very," answered the boy with emphasis.

"Then you stay here and I will go and see her in the outer office."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and waited.

In about a minute, or less, back came the man, and taking the boy by the shoulders shook him angrily.

"You young scamp," said he, "is that your idea of beauty? What did you want to make a fool of me for in that way? Don't you know a pretty woman when you see one?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, "I didn't know who she was and I thought maybe the lady might be your wife."

"Well," said the man, "that's the trouble, she is."

"Say, Senator," said a man who had taken a very active part in the politician's election to office, "where's all that prosperity you promised us if once you had anything to say about public affairs? Where is it, I'd like to know?"

"Dennis," said the Senator, "do you suppose that if I knew I wouldn't keep it to myself?"

"What, under the sun," asked a father of his daughter who wanted her to make a match with a young man whose only qualification was the possession of a goodly fortune, "what earthly objection can you possibly find to Mr. Sprigginsp?"

"He has habits," replied the daughter, "which I detest! When I marry I want a husband who does not smoke, chew, drink, swear, belong to clubs, play cards, stay out late or go bicycling by himself."

The father looked at his daughter sorrowfully for a moment or two in silence, and then said:

"My child you are but a stranger here, heaven is your home."

Even some candidates for the position of teacher in the public schools occasionally turn in the most ridiculous answers to questions at their examinations, one of which is the following:

The question was: "Give a general description of the Fauna and Flora of Europe."

The written answer was: "The Fauna and Flora of Europe rise in the Ural Mountains and

take a southernly and westernly course and empty into the Black Sea."

A fond father who had an unexpected windfall wanted to do something extra for his son and heir went into a hardware store and enquired the price of bath-tubs for babies. He was shown several, and finally selected the only one which he thought good enough for his little paragon.

"That," said the salesman, "will cost you $3.75."

"Gee Wilikins!" exclaimed the man. "Well if that's so I guess we'll have to go on washing the kid in the coal-scuttle."

Of all the champion exaggerators surely none can go ahead of the two boys of whom it is told that one said, with a swagger:

"I bet I can remember longer 'an you. I can remember when I was born."

"Oh, that ain't nothing!" said the second little imp. "I can remember when God said, 'Stand up, Johnny, and let me put your eyes in.'"

"Young man," said a stern parent to his head clerk who had had the effrontery to ask for his daughter's hand, "apart from every other con-

sideration I must decline to listen to your proposal on account of my dear child's tender years. Why bless my soul, she is a mere child!"

"I know that, sir," said the suitor, "but I thought I would come early and avoid the rush."

"Do ye drame of me, Moike?" whispered a girl to her lover, as they walked down a lonely glen,—in Ireland, of course.

"Drame of ye, is it, Kate? Sure 'tis the way wid me that I can't shlape noights dramin' of ye, darlint!"

Two gentlemen were walking along a highway near a railroad. One of them was exceedingly hard of hearing. Along came a train, and the locomotive emitted an ear-splitting shriek.

"H'm," said the deaf man, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring."

"And now that you have graduated from college," said a young man's grandfather, "what do you expect to do?"

"I shall study law," he replied gravely.

"Oh, ah!" said the old gentleman; and then added by way of cautioning him from making a

rash choice, by a too hasty decision, "isn't that profession already very much overcrowded?"

"Possibly," replied the grandson, "but that isn't my fault. Father has always taught me to look out for number one, as he says you taught him. I shall study law, and those who are already in the profession must look out for themselves."

The Irish at home, in their little Emerald Isle are great sticklers for form, display and ceremony at wedding feasts. At one, where the groom was close-fisted and the preparations did not come up to the expectations of the invited guests, a woman exclaimed with indignation, "I'd sell every stitch to me back, in order to get married dacently!"

An English gentleman had sent a private note to a marquis, on a personal matter, by hand, and on the return of the man questioned him as to his reception.

"Ah, sir," said the man, "there's no use writing him any letters, he can't see to read them. He's blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes, sir, blind. He asked me twice where

my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."

When the snow melted, the water in a certain town became exceedingly muddy, and the sanitary commissioners advised the people, through the medium of the public press to boil the water before drinking it, so as to destroy the microbes.

Mrs. Gahooley read this bit of information to her husband, who was not personally much interested in the subject.

"Boil the water that I've got to drink," said he in disgust, "so as to kill the animals in it? No indeed! I'd rather be an aquarium than a morgue any day."

Scholars at the public schools often furnish good jokes unconsciously by their blundering answers. The examiner asked a boy who made him? The answer was "God."

"Good," said the examiner, and turning to the next boy put the same question.

"I dunno," was the reply in this case.

"O, yes you do," said the examiner encouragingly, "you have just heard the answer,—God made you."

"O, no he didn't," said the youngster. Then

pointing at the boy who had given the first answer, "There's the chap God made."

Eugene Field was a great lover of old books and quite a collector of them. His means were not adequate to his desires, however, and one of the quaintest proofs of this was a slip of paper, found by a purchaser of an old volume, in Field's handwriting; evidently an impromptu verse,—

"Kind friend for goodness sake forbear
To buy the book thou findest here,
For when I do obtain the pelf,
I mean to buy the book myself."

Another bit of rhyme, which is thoroughly American, is in the preface to one of Bill Nye's books. It runs,—

"Go, little booklet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went,
They're glad that you have came."

One young man met another, a friend of his, and to do the proper thing invited him to a French dinner. Everything was served in good style but the different courses were dished up in very small portions.

At its conclusion the one who had extended the invitation, and who was perfectly accustomed to the general style of the restaurant, said,—

"Pretty good meal that, for a dollar, eh?"

"Yes," responded his friend who was still hungry. "First-rate! Now you have one with me."

"Flora," said an angry father to his daughter who was receiving attentions from a young man whom he particularly disliked,—"that Haynes fellow is getting too free here, too presumptuous, and I won't stand it. If he comes here again I shall have to sit on him."

"Oh, papa, dear," said the young lady blushing, "leave that to me."

A Philadelphia business man who lived in the suburbs had occasion to return home earlier than usual with some important news for his wife. Not seeing her either in the house or garden, he called the maid-servant, and said:

"Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

The girl hesitated, and then replied:

"Faith, sorr' to tell ye the truth, I believe they're in the wash!"

"Well, Bobby," said the minister to the small son of one of his deacons, "what is the news?"

"Popper's got a new set of false teeth."

"Indeed," said the minister restraining a desire to laugh, "and what will he do with the old set?"

"Oh, I suppose," replied Bobby, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

"Good-mornin', Mrs. McCann," said an Irish laborer to a "lady" at the wash tub.

"An' the top of the mornin' to you, Mister Mullin," she replied.

"Oi t'ought," said he, "Oi'd shtep in t' say 'ure husban' has shtopped shmokin', Mrs. McCann."

"Saints be praised! It's seventy-five cints a mont' he'll be savin'."

"Oi'm layin' bets he won't," said Mr. Mullin. "He wor lightin' his pipe in the powder factory an' he dropped the match."

An insurance agent was trying to persuade a Hebrew to insure his store.

"Vell," said Mr. Isaacs, "if I pay the money for three long years and the store burns down, how much would I get, eh? How much?"

"The full amount of the policy," replied the agent.

"Ah, and supposing it was to take fire again, say a month afterward, how much then? Eh?"

"Probably seven years," said the agent.

A very pretty young lady went into a cigar store and said:

"I suppose it must seem strange to have a lady come here, but you'll excuse it, won't you please? I want to buy a box of nice cigars for my husband, for his birthday, you know, quite as a surprise, and, there—how much are those?"

She was shown various kinds, but none of them seemed to suit her. Finally she pointed to one open box and exclaimed: "There, those will do I am sure, let me look at them, won't you please?"

"But," said the clerk, "I thought you said you wanted nice cigars. Those are not the best, they are too light."

"Not a bit, I assure you," said the lady with animation, "they are just the proper shade. I want them to match my husband's moustache."

"Walter Jones," said a teacher sternly, "you

are not attending to the lesson. Did you hear Jessie Smith's description of 'Hominy'?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy.

"All right then. Give me a sentence in which you bring in the word correctly."

To which the answer was: "Hominy marbles have you?"

There was a squabble on the corner of the street. Two men were fighting. A crowd collected, and a gentleman seeing that one man had the other down on the sidewalk and was pommeling him unmercifully, called on him to stop.

"Let the man get up!" he cried. "Make it a fair fight."

"Faith, sir," said the man on top, "if you'd had the trouble I've had to get him down you wouldn't be for letting him up so readily."

"My boy Jimmy," said a farmer's wife to an acquaintance, "is such a trial. He's that slow that molasses'd run up hill faster'n he'd slide down."

"Better'n bein' fast like my Joe," said the comforter. "You can put your hand on a slow one."

"But Jimmy's so homely it downright annoys me!"

"Well that's better than my Joe who's so good-looking that the way the girls run after him keeps my heart in my mouth all the time, so it does."

"But Jimmy's ears are so big, that 'tis an annoyance to look at him."

"Ah," said the comforter, "sure he can use them to brush the flies off the top of his head with."

A mining engineer in Yukon was one day watching a game of poker in which the stakes were heavy, when he saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack.

Indignant at such shameless cheating he turned to a bystander and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why that fellow dealt himself four aces!"

"Well, wasn't it his deal?"

An undertaker telegraphed to a gentleman, a drummer, who was on the road:

"Mr. Tantrum, your mother-in-law is dead. Shall we embalm, bury or cremate?"

To which the reply was received:

"Embalm, bury and cremate. Don't take any chances."

"Why, Mrs. de Chumpney, how are you? I'm delighted, I'm sure,—quite a surprise, on my word. I have missed you so much. I have been wanting to see you,—been dying to see you in fact, but the truth is,—ahem——"

"Yes, I know, dear Mrs. Fluffy," said the first fashionable lady, most graciously, "don't apologize. The weather has been wretched for the past two years, has it not? Good-afternoon."

A lady engaged a new servant who arrived all right and was duly installed. During the afternoon the mistress went to the kitchen to give her instructions for the morning.

"We generally have breakfast in this house at about a quarter-past eight o'clock," said she.

"Oo, ay, mam," returned the new servant, "but if I'm no doon at that time ye needna wait. Ye can just begin without me."

Wives have a roundabout way of getting at things, but they get there all the same.

One "dearly beloved" asked her husband what time it was when he came home the previous

night, and he owned up, like the truthful man he was, that he had been delayed, cars were blocked, a friend was sick and the books had to be made up and, in short he guessed perhaps it was somewhere around one o'clock in the morning when he arrived.

"Poor dear," said his wife soothingly, "you do have so much trouble, don't you? Why, what is that under the bed?"

"That," said he, pulling out the article in question, "is my hat. I suppose I must have hung it on the chair and it fell down."

"I suppose so, dear," said his wife.

Then the next minute the good man lost his temper. "Where in thunder are my shoes?" he exclaimed in wrath. "Somebody's always meddling with my things!"

"I can tell you, dear," said his patient wife stolidly.

"Well, where are they, if you know?"

"They are on the hat-rack, dear."

A general, on his return from the wars, showed his family a regimental flag tattered, torn and riddled with bullets which he had personally captured from the enemy. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the general

commander-in-chief. When he called for the flag his industrious wife brought it to him smilingly and presenting it to him with a look of proud satisfaction, said:

"James, I sat up all night and mended the flag, and now,—see! it looks almost as good as new!"

A minister was called to the bedside of a very sick man in order to give him consolation. The lawyer was also in the room, having just finished making out the will.

The minister who had no great respect for the sick man on account of his mean ways, nevertheless did his duty, and asked him what it was he desired.

"Well," was the reply, "I have a great many debts,—I owe many people sums of money to which they are perhaps entitled, and so that I can leave the earth with a clear conscience I would pray that my life could be spared until I have paid the uttermost farthing of my indebtedness."

"A very proper wish," said the minister.

"Certainly," said the lawyer, from the other side of the bed, "for if it were granted he would have life everlasting."

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family was told roughly that he was "a mere mushroom."

"How is that?" he asked indignantly.

"Why," said the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me which filled more than five large parchment skins, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin: 'About this time the world was created.'"

"Lor' you are late, sir," said the nurse meeting the young husband at the door; "it's two o'clock, and sir, here's news for you! You're the father of two bouncing babies! Twins, sir, twins!"

"Strange coincidence," said the young father, "two o'clock and two babies. Thank heaven I did not come home at twelve."

"What is mind?"

"No matter."

"What is matter?"

"Never mind."

A young lady who was a great enthusiast about Shakespeare visited Stratford-on-Avon and

went into raptures over everything she saw and heard.

When she reached the railway station, she was thoroughly worked up to the point of gushing, and she looked about her with brimming eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I think this affects me most of all! Here the great master must have come to take the train to London, just as I am doing!"

In a Scotch regiment the colonel in charge had the option of changing the time honored kilt and rugged bare knees, for trousers, and "up-to-date" decency. This order was to go by a majority vote of the men themselves, and the sergeant was sent on a friendly canvass.

On his return to the orderly-room with the list, the colonel inquired:

"Well, sergeant, how many men have you found so false to the traditions of their race that they are willing to wear the hated trousers of the Saxon?"

"All except two, sir," said the sergeant.

"Cowardly sons of Bonnie Scotland!" exclaimed the irate colonel, "and noble,—noble two! Noble two! true to the costume of their proud ancestors! Give me the names of these Scotch-

men that they may be handed down to generations yet to be, as examples to them that come after them, as patriots, every inch of them!"

The sergeant looking at his list, said proudly:

"Michael Doolan and Patrick Murphy, sir!"

Two American girls visiting England were at the end of the pier at Hastings trying in vain to make out the names of the various vessels which were passing at a distance.

An old salt stepped up to them, and politely offered to lend them,—for a consideration (expressed but not uttered), a binocular glass. They thanked him profusely, and made good use of it. When they had seen enough, they returned it,—not forgetting the remuneration, and one of them declared herself in admiration of the quality of the glass.

At that the old salt warmed up, and said:

"A good glass? Well I should say it was a good glass! Why pretty miss, how could it help being a good glass when it was given to me, for good services I had rendered, by the great Lord Nelson himself?"

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed one of the girls who happened to be a teacher in a High School, and knew something about English

history, "how can that possibly be? Why Lord Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years!"

At which the old salt replied: "Lor' 'ow time do fly!"

Labouchere, always funny, had many comments to make on America and Americans when he returned to his native country after his visit here. One point he noticed, and dwelt upon, was the almost universal custom among us of keeping the dwelling rooms very dark in the summer.

He said that he called on one young lady, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where the window shades were closely drawn, and the shutters half closed. He groped his way forward, striking against chairs and tables,—"barking his shins."

Presently he heard a sweet voice out of the artificial twilight say:

"Oh, Mr. Labouchere, charmed I am sure! Won't you please be seated?"

"On what," says he, "I sat on the first thing that, in the gloom, looked like a chair, and lo, and behold, immediately it began running backward.

"Then there was a cry from the lovely voice, out of the darkness,—'Oh! It's papa! You're sitting on papa! Papa, get out!'"

A traveler was standing on the quay looking at a Mississippi boat and accosted one of the deck hands who was leisurely smoking a pipe, and enquired:

"Say, boss, is this boat going up or down?"

"Well," said the man speaking slowly and as if considering the subject in all its aspects: "she's all-fired leaky, and her b'ilers ain't none too good, so I guess it's about even chances, if you're taking a bet on it."

"Give me your idea of what a 'Novel' is," said the teacher.

After the allotted time one boy handed in the following:

THIS IS A NOVEL

Chapter I

Who is the Man coming through the Door? He is the Doctor. This is the Worst Illness we have Seen yet. How can the boy get Well now? The Doctor asks Mama how the Boy is. Mama

is crying. The Doctor says he can Fix the Boy.

Chapter II

The Doctor has Fixed the Boy.

"Pshaw!" said one lady to her bosom friend as the door closed behind the retreating form of the husband, "why did you give him that letter to mail? When you have been married as long as I have you will know the men are never to be trusted to remember anything of that sort. He'll carry it around with him for a week!"

"I hope he will," was the reply. "And that was why I gave it to him. It is an invitation to Mrs. Campbell for my next reception, and I don't want her to come."

A regular old soak, well known to the police, was brought up in the ordinary course of affairs before a magistrate who knew him perfectly well. He recognized "his honor" familiarly.

"John Jones," said the magistrate, with severity. "you are charged with habitual drunkenness; what have you to offer in excuse for your offense?"

"Habitual thirst, your honor."

The other day a teacher in a Boston school, who had just had a present of a very handsome hand-painted fan, took it down to the class-room for the edification of the scholars. Very few of them had seen anything other than the palm leaf, or cheap Japanese fan, and did not associate this gorgeous affair even with the five cent paper things of somewhat similar shape.

Selecting perhaps the dullest of the pupils, the teacher held up the fan, and asked what the lovely thing was.

The child did not know.

"What does your mother use to keep her cool in the hot weather?" asked the teacher.

"Beer," was the reply.

Harold Frederick used to tell a story of a darky who was out fishing with a little boy about three years old, and while at play on the bank of the stream the youngster fell into the water. Immediately the colored man waded in, and, catching him by the seat of his pantaloons, pulled him on to dry ground.

A minister who happened to have seen the occurrence complimented him on his quick action, and his bravery, for the stream was a swift one.

"Well," said the darky, "I had to sabe dat

kid's life, boss, for he had de bait in his pocket, shore."

An Irish Catholic and a Jew were in a row boat, and got into a discussion. The Irishman could not get the Jew to admit that he believed in what Pat was bound to consider the "thrue religion."

By some accident the boat turned over on one side so that the Jew was thrown into the water.

Pat seized his opportunity, and the collar of the Jew's coat at one and the same time. He raised the drowning man so that his head was out of water. "Now!" said he, "do you believe now?"

"No," said the Jew, and down under the water he was ducked by the Irishman.

After a few moments Pat again gave the Jew a breath of air, and repeated the question. "No!" said the Jew louder than before.

The third time the Jew came to the surface, the question was put once more, and being thoroughly frightened and very much in need of more air the Jew exclaimed, "Yes, yes! I believe!"

Pat held him in suspense for a moment and looked at him.

"Well," said he, "I'm bound to believe you, but though I'll take you into the boat on the strength of your convairsion, I believe the best way would be just to dhrown you right here, that I might be sure you died in the faith."

Marshall P. Wilder is responsible for a story which he says was told with immense effect by Lionel Brough, of a man who was very sick, and whose doctor told him that he had to change his mode of living, and prescribed "going to bed early, eating more roast beef, drinking beef tea, a month's rest at some quiet watering place, and just one cigar a day." A month later the invalid met the doctor, and the latter complimented him on his improved appearance.

"Yes, doctor," said the patient, "I look better because I am better. I went to bed early, ate more roast beef, spent a month in the country, and took great care of myself; but, that one cigar a day nearly killed me, for I had never smoked before."

An Irish landlord returning home after an absence of several weeks, saw one of his tenants sitting on a stone wall, whistling away to his heart's content. The moment that he greeted

him however the man scowled, and began abusing him.

"Why, what's the matter, Pat?" he asked.

"Matter is it?" was the answer. "Matter enough, when your stheward is afther evicting me, bad luck to him!"

"Evicted you,—what for?"

"The ould liar pretinded me cabin wanted repairing, and as Oi wouldn't let him, shure he put me out."

"Never mind, Pat," said the landlord, "I hear the cottage you have always wanted is vacant, and I'll let you have that at the same rent."

"No, thanking your honor," said Pat, "I couldn't think of it."

"But why not? What is to hinder you?"

"No, your honor," was the reply, "Oi'd rather have me grievance."

There was once a little boy who tried to use long words. Sometimes they came out all right, but then again they didn't.

One morning he was taking breakfast with his father. Four eggs were served. The boy took two, the father one.

When the boy had finished he looked at the remaining egg, and said:

"Pa, if that egg isn't occupied, may I have it?"

"Sonnie," said the indulgent parent, "if it is not occupied I would like it myself; but, if it is occupied, you are more than welcome to it."

"Hullo! what is the matter with your wife?" said a man to his neighbor who was noted for his fast horses, "I see she has her hand in a sling. I suppose it's that new trotter of yours. I saw her out with it yesterday, and I thought no good would come of it. Reckless driving I suppose, eh?"

"Yes," was the reply, "reckless driving,—but not of the horse."

"What then?"

"A nail."

"Smith," said Jones, "have you got a fiver you could let me have until Monday?"

"Afraid not," said Smith. "But say, Jones, if I should let you have it how do I know that I shall get it back by Monday?"

"O," said Jones, "I promise it on the word of a gentleman."

"Ah," said Smith, "in that case I may think better of it. Come round this evening and bring him with you."

There was a good woman who devoted much of her time to visiting the prisons and endeavoring to improve the inmates.

One day she was talking to a woe-begone specimen whose sentence she supposed must soon expire, as she had seen him there for a long time.

"Poor fellow," she said, "it will be a glad day for you when your time is up."

"No, ma'am," replied the prisoner, "not overly so. You see I'm in for life."

At the yards they tell of an Irishman who was visiting an acquaintance,—one of the foremen, who asked him:

"Did you hear about poor Flannery?"

"Niver a word; phwat about Flannery?"

"Shure, the big steam-hammer in the foundhry dropped on his chist and killed him."

"Well," said the man meditatively, "Oi'm not surprised, for Flannery always did have a weak chist."

Although the Charleston earthquake called forth liberal charity, the public was just as ready to respond to the wants of the sufferers from the Johnstown flood which so rapidly followed the other disaster.

One old darky appealing to a lady for aid, told her that, by the Johnstown flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children.

"Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before, and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the Charleston earthquake?"

"Yeth ma'am," replied the darky, "dat was me. Most unfort'nit man dat eber was. Can't keep a fam'ly nohow."

"I do think," said one lady to another, "that Mrs. Peary is just too lovely for anything! I do hope so very much that her husband won't find the North Pole."

"Won't find it? Goodness! why not?"

"Why it would throw him out of employment, wouldn't it?"

A lady who expected several fashionable friends to call, carefully instructed the new servant how to wait on the door, and was particularly emphatic on the necessity of receiving the visitors' cards on a silver card tray.

The first caller was elegantly dressed, and

daintily proffered her card. Bridget was just about to take it, when she hastily withdrew her hand, snatched up the card tray, and said with a giggle:

"Sure, I come near forgettin' me pan."

A clubman on his return home, going cautiously up-stairs so as not to disturb his wife, found that she was still awake.

"What is the matter, dear?" he enquired.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure. I am nervous and everything worries me. I wish you would stop that wretched clock, its ticking almost drives me mad!"

He stopped the pendulum and went to bed.

In the morning his wife said, "John, weren't you dreadfully late last night?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "it was before midnight."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed his wife, "just look at the clock!"

The hands pointed to half past two.

A gentleman who had been absent for some years returned to New York and at once went to see his married sister.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, "what a lot

of whiskers and moustache you have grown! I hardly knew you." Then she called her daughter and said: "Ethel, here's your Uncle Henry come back!"

The child stood and looked but said nothing.

"Ethel, what is the matter with you,—why don't you kiss him?"

Still gazing at her hairy relative in wonder, she at length said:

"I don't see any place."

Two business men meeting in the city one of them said:

"I hear Wilkins is quarantined at home."

"Yes," replied the other, "one of his children is down with scarlet fever. But he's glad of one thing."

"What's that?"

"It's the first time he has ever been able to keep a cook. She's quarantined too."

Tommy was a fairly good pupil except in arithmetic. The teacher noticed with his home studies, that, when sums were set, he always brought in answers much in excess of the correct amount. As this was unfailing he called the boy to him and said:

"Tommy, how is it that your sums are always wrong, and the totals always too large?"

"Dunno, teacher."

"Does any one assist you with your arithmetic at home,—now be truthful?"

"Yes, sir, father."

"What does your father do for a living?"

"He's a waiter, sir."

"Ah," said the teacher, "that accounts for it. Go back, and sit down."

Two girls were discussing their future prospects, and their "young men" and one said:

"Don't you just hate to have him 'talk shop'?"

"Why no, indeed!" said the other, "I think it is too lovely for anything. You see Charley is a conductor on a trolley-car, and when he proposed and was waiting for my answer he said, 'Be lively, there, please!' And whenever we are alone he says: 'Sit closer, please!'"

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was a very pompous man had his carriage stopped one day by a slow-going, old-fashioned Irish jaunting car, which turned down Dawson Street under the very shadow of the Mansion House. An alter-

cation took place between the mayor's footman and the driver of the car, and the mayor, putting his head out of the window said angrily:

"Mahoney, take his number and have him summoned."

"Arrah," retorted the jarvey, "go in out of that, ye ould twelve months' aristocrat," and drove off.

"I have often noticed," says Josh Billings, "that the man who would have done such wonderful things if he had been there, never gets there."

A lady returning in a hurry from the drug store being met by her chubby eight-year-old boy who had just been getting the better of a hated rival, asked him if the doctor had called while she was out.

"Yes, ma," said he. "He felt my pulse, and he looked at my tongue, and he says it's a bad case, and he left something to be put up, and he says he'd better call again before night."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the lady, "it wasn't you I sent him to see, it was the baby!"

The wit of the Irish car drivers is well known, and equally well known their thirst.

An English tourist who had just "treated" the driver of a car with spirits at a roadside inn, said, as he took his seat to proceed on the journey:

"There, Pat; hasn't that made another man of you?"

"Indade it has, sur," said the man, "an' begorra, he's as dry as the other wan."

An English Colonel, at kit inspection, said to Private Flanigan:

"Ha! Yes, shirts, socks, flannels, all very good. Now can you assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?"

"No, sir," said Private Flanigan, hesitating.

"No, sir! How's that, sir?"

"Airn't no buttons on the towels, sir!"

The children at a country house had gotten up some private theatricals as a surprise for their parents. The play was called, "The Warrior Bold": written by Master Tommy.

In one scene Tommy, as the warrior who was supposed to have been to the wars entered the room, discovering his lady-love, aged seven, and said:

"See what I have brought thee from foreign climes, my love!"

Here he displayed some of his mother's jewelry, much to her consternation,—she being one of the audience.

At this Tommy's little lady-love said:

"Ah, Hubert, you shall see that I too have not been idle during your long absence of seven years!" Saying this, she threw back a curtain and exposed to view seven small children in bed.

The author of an epic poem asked Douglas Jerrold if he had seen his "Descent Into Hell."

"No," replied Jerrold with a chuckle of delight, "but I should like to."

At a club-room in New Orleans, Mark Twain heard much talk about anti-bellum things, and he was told that there was an old negro woman in the city who had fallen into the habit of dealing out her reminiscences. A young northerner said in her presence:

"What a wonderful moon you have down here!"

"Ah, bless yo' heart, honey," said she with a sigh, "yo' ought to have seen dat moon befo' de waw!"

"I'll bet you," said a young fellow out west to a man who had been bragging about the educa-

tion he himself had received, "I'll bet you that if you ever did study Latin you have forgotten all about it. I'll wager $10 you can't translate 'Vox populi, vox Dei.'"

"Done!" exclaimed the boaster.

"Well, what is it?"

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

One evening, in the card-room of a certain club a man was caught cheating, and exposed before the whole company, whereupon the indignant members rose in a body and kicked him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Rising painfully, and full of wrath, he hobbled away to the residence of the president of the club, and there complained of the treatment he had received.

"What would you do in my place?" he asked.

"Well," said the president, "I should play on the ground floor in future—it's safer."

If the world is going wrong,
Forget it!
Sorrow never lingers long,
Forget it!
If your neighbor bears ill-will,
If your conscience won't be still,
If you owe an ancient bill,
Forget it!

A St. Louis merchant, while in New York, received a telegram notifying him that his wife was very ill. He wired to his doctor asking what was the matter, and if there was any danger, and promptly received the answer: "No danger; your wife has had a child; if we can keep her from having another to-night she will be all right."

The mystification of the agitated husband was not removed until a "repeat message" told him that his indisposed wife had had a "chill."

Josh Billings used to say: "I don't care how much people talk if they will only say it in a few words."

A negro boy, while walking along the street took off his hat and struck at a wasp. He turned to a man and said:

"I thought I got dat ar ole wass."

"Didn't you?"

"No, sah; but I ——" he snatched off his hat and clapped his hand on the top of his head, squatted, howled and said:

"Blame fi didn' git dat ole wass!"

An Archbishop of Dublin, had a large New-

foundland dog, of which he was very fond. It was a favorite pastime of his Grace to play with the animal in Stephen's Green, opposite the Archiepiscopal residence. One day two old women were observing the doings of the Archbishop and his dog through the railings of the Green.

"Ah, thin, Mary," said one of them; "does yez know who that is playin' wid the dog?"

"Troth, I don't, Biddy," said the other; "but he's a gran', handsome, riverend gintleman, whoever he is."

"Shure, that's the Archbishop, Mary," said Biddy.

"Arrah, yez can tell the true gintleman anywhere."

"He's not our Archbishop at all, Mary; he's the Proteshtant Archbishop."

"Oh, the ould fool!" exclaimed Mary, "Did yez ever in all yer life see such a charicathur of a man?"

It is told of Spurgeon that when a somewhat impertinent revivalist insisted upon seeing him and said, when told that he was busy,—"Tell Mr. Spurgeon that it is a servant of the Lord who wants to see him," Spurgeon replied, "tell

the servant of the Lord that I am engaged with his master."

A lady sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor.

"Mrs. Smith," said she, "sent me ower tae speir hoo yer husband was this morning."

"Very bad indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply.

"Ah, weel," said the woman, "I'll better wait a wee while; I've nae other thing tae dae the noo."

An "erroneous" phrenologist once told Bill Nye that he would shine as a revivalist, and said that he ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous, sanguinary temperament.

"All right, gentle scientist," said Bill Nye, "I will marry the tall blonde with the bank account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette, with thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

The gentle scientist looked at him in a reproachful kind of way, struck at him with a

chair in an absent-minded manner and stole away.

"Algernon," said Angelina, "if you want to please me really and truly buy me two or three canaries. But I want the best, the very best you know."

So Algernon went to a bird-fancier and told his tale.

"Yes, sir," said the dealer in confidence, "you might have gone to a many and been swindled. But, these are pure canaries, sir, and I raised them myself from the very best of canary seed."

Algernon bought them and Angelina was satisfied.

"A statesman's motto," said an earnest patriot, "should always be, 'Be sure you're right, and then go ahead.'"

"Maybe so," replied a Senator, "but that's not my platform."

"What is your platform?"

"Go right ahead and square it afterward."

A phrenologist examining the cranium of a very eccentric man said:

"My dear sir, your bump of imagination is so

abnormally large that, if you ask me what profession is best suited to your natural,—or unnatural gifts, I should at once say, write poetry."

"Sir," said the man, "I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a little gem of poesy on 'Spring' to an editor, and that bump on which you are bearing so very painfully is where he hit me. Be gentle with the bump and explore further."

A clergyman taught an old man in his parish to read. After his lessons were finished he was unable to call on him for some time, and when at last he did, found only the wife at home.

"How is John?" said he, "and how does he progress with his reading?"

"O, nicely, sir."

"I suppose he can read his Bible quite comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir!" exclaimed the woman, "Lor' bless your soul, why John was out o' the Bible and into the newspapers long ago!"

"Hay! Seth," called one farmer to another, "an' haow's crops an' prospects?"

"Crops is bad," replied Seth, "an' prospecks is wus. As I said to my ole mule, Jinny, this mornin' when I wuz givin' her her feed, says I, I

says, 'it's a good job for you,' I says, 'that you ain't a camel, fer thet's the las' straw,' I says."

Two men were wandering through a country churchyard examining the quaint head-stones.

"Look here," said one, "here's a queer on', 'Sacred to Thomas Sitter, a Lawyer and an Honest man.'"

"What did they want to put all three in one grave for?" asked his companion.

A certain rector in a small village who was disliked in the parish, had a curate who was very popular, and who, on his leaving, was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial."

"Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd bin a-going I'd have subscribed double."

In a Sunday-school, a teacher asked a small boy if he could tell him how the first woman was made.

"Yes, sir," said he with alacrity, "from the jaw-bone of an ass."

A local mayor was presiding at the annual dinner of the town rowing club, and he rose to make his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it gives me greater pleasure than I can express to preside on this occasion, though personally I am not an adept at aquatics on the water, such successes as I have achieved being always on terra cotta."

A Kansas man wrote to his newspaper and asked: "What's the matter with my hens? Every morning when I go to feed them I find some of them have keeled over to rise no more."

To which the editor replied: "They're dead."

A friend dropped into a Baxter Street clothier's and seeing some round bottles on a shelf back of the counter he asked:

"What have you got in dem boddles, Ikey?"

"Dem ain't boddles," said the storekeeper, "dem's fire oxtinguishers."

"G'long!" said his friend incredulously, "you ain't afraid of a bit of a fire,—come now!"

"No, but I get ten per cent. off the insurance for having dem about."

"What's in 'em?"

"I don't know vat vas in 'em, but dere's kerosine in 'em now."

An engine driver gave a friend of his a free ride one day and was kept busy answering questions as to this, that and the other along the road. The friend, among other things noticed every now and then a sign at the side of the track with the letters "W and R."

"What does that mean?" he enquired.

"Whistle and Ring," was the reply.

The man meditated awhile and finally said:

"Say, I can understand how 'W' stands for 'wring' but how in thunder can 'R' stand for whistle'?"

A gentleman who lived in excellent style and who had spent considerable in extra decorations for his house was visited by a former friend who had had the misfortune to lose a leg and wore a wooden one.

The library had been furnished with a very beautiful floor of parquetry and the host was horrified to see the man with the wooden leg stumping over it. All he could say however was in the form of a gentle hint:

"Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow,—I'm so afraid you might slip."

"Oh, no," said the guest, "don't worry about me, it's all right, thanks,—there's a nail in the end, you know."

Douglas Jerrold said that his notion of a wife at forty is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties.

This is said to be the style of the "tenminit" dinner down South at the depot restaurants.

MENU

"Superfish?"
Bing!
"Stakerliver?"
Bang!
"Pieorpud?"
Bung!
"Tearcough?"
Sling!
"Cheesercrackers?"
Slang!

"All out!"

"Fifty cents."

Awlaboard!

Ph—wiz!

A young married man in Boston met a friend of his bachelor days and insisted on his coming home with him to lunch. His wife was unprepared for visitors, and calling him aside told him she had only one dozen oysters, and that when his friend had eaten his quota of four he must not be asked to take any more. In spite of his promise to remember, when the guest had eaten his four the host pressed him to take more. The wife looked distressed and the friend declined. The husband insisted, the wife looked in agony, and the guest firmly refused to have the rest of the oysters brought from the kitchen.

Later, the wife said to her husband:

"How could you urge him to have more oysters when I had explained to you that there weren't any more?"

"I'm very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"Forgot about it! What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?" retorted his wife.

"But you didn't kick me," said the husband.

Robert Lowe the great English Commoner was exceedingly sarcastic, and frequently ungallant. Upon the occasion of a well-known wedding he

began to descant on the absurdities in the marriage service.

"When I married," he said, "all the worldly goods with which I endowed my wife might have been carried in a bundle over my shoulder."

"Ah! but Robert," interposed Mrs. Lowe, "there was your great intellect."

"Well, I certainly did not endow you with that, dear," was the rejoinder.

A Brooklyn minister gave a most scathing discourse on the evil effects produced by bad example, and exhorted all good members of his congregation not to countenance by their presence such a place of iniquity as Coney Island. At this, one of the church wardens in evident excitement, snapped his fingers.

At the close of the service a member accosted the church warden and said:

"How was that for a sermon?"

"Great! I hope it will bear fruit," was the reply.

"What did you snap your fingers for?"

"Why it reminded me that's the place where I left my umbrella."

Tom Thorne used to say that he once went to a

fair with a friend and won a lot of penny cigars at a rifle gallery. He gave them to an old man at an adjoining show, and the old man's little daughter said, "Oh, yes, they'll do for father." And, that the next day when he and his friend went to the fair again, when his attention was called to the fact that the little girl was alone, he said:

"Ah! they've done for father all right."

Attorney James K. Wilder says: My first case in San Francisco was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court because the prisoner said he had no money.

The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and, as the defendant was leaving the court room, I called him back, and just as a joke handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first $50 he got.

"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two $20s and a $10."

"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I could get over my surprise.

"Sold the priest's watch," he replied.

"I hope, Ethel," said a fond mother to her lit-

tle daughter who had returned from a tea to which she had been invited, "I hope that you remembered what I told you and did not ask twice for cake, did you?"

"No, ma'am," replied the child.

"That was right,—you waited until you were asked."

"No, ma'am, I helped myself."

An elderly gentleman went into a photographic studio and asked to see the proofs of a picture recently taken of a young man whose name he gave. They were handed to him as a matter of course and he examined them critically. He seemed pleased and finally said:

"These are of my son. This one is a remarkably good photo of him,—it is very like him indeed. Has he paid you for it yet?"

"No, sir," said the photographer, "not yet."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman, "very like him indeed."

The veteran attorney used to tell this story:

"One time when I and some other lawyers were engaged in defending a prisoner charged with murder, Judge Shope was among those employed on the side of the prosecution. We made

a very vigorous effort to get our man's head away from the halter, and our chances seemed fair enough until Shope addressed the jury. He didn't seem to make much of an impression at first; they listened rather coolly and indifferently to his arguments, but all at once a circumstance arose that somehow turned things in his favor.

"While he was speaking a messenger boy entered the court room and handed him a telegram, which, still continuing his address to the jury he mechanically tore open. Suddenly, as he glanced at the message, his eyes dilated and stared intently on the words before him. Then his voice faltered and broke, his breath came and went in short gasps, his chest heaved and fell with deep emotion, and, turning his tearful eyes on the jury, he said in almost sobbing tones:

"'Excuse me, gentlemen; I fear I cannot go on with my address. I have just received the mournful news of the death of a dear friend, one who has been of the most material benefit to me in my profession, and whose demise leaves a sorrowful gap that none can ever fill. Excuse me, I beg of you; I am utterly unmanned and broken down at this sad calamity.'

"Some members of the jury respectfully expressed their regret, and kindly urged him to

continue his address, and he did so. The result was that he won the entire sympathy of that jury, and they returned a verdict of guilty against my unfortunate client, who was consequently sent to the penitentiary for life.

"When the trial was over somebody picked up the telegram that had so opportunely come into the hands of the able advocate and through which he so successfully wrought upon the feelings of the jury. It had been sent by a waggish friend, and simply contained the favorite expression of a character in one of Charles Reade's novels, the old soldier in 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' which is: 'Have courage friend; the devil is dead.'"

There are doctors and doctors, but one of the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust but exacting, healthy but irritable—in short a veritable Hector.

"I don't know what is the matter with my family, Doctor," he said, "but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something, I don't know what,—in fact the whole house is up-

set. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous prostration."

"I think it would all be right," said the doctor, "if you would take a six months' tour of Europe,—alone."

"I?" cried paterfamilias,—"the only well one in the house."

"Yes," said the doctor gravely, "you ought to travel,—for the health of your family."

An up-to-date wife dressed "fit to kill," and with the most fetching manner imaginable went up to her husband one evening when there were the usual number of guests, which was never small, and said:

"Charley, what were you and Billy Bobbins laughing about when I came into the room?"

"Oh," said her husband, laughing at the recollection, "that was at a capital story he had been telling."

"Well," said the wife, "aren't you going to tell it to me?"

"Oh, I couldn't, really couldn't. It was not a proper story for a man to repeat to his wife."

"Oh, well, never mind," said she, "I can just as well get it from Billy himself."

A little girl went to see her grandmother, who was particular, like all good elderly people, to look after spiritual affairs. So she said:

"My dear, I hope you say your prayers every night before going to bed?"

"No, gran'ma," said the youngster.

"Why, my dear!" said the old lady, who was shocked at such a breach of religious observance, "aren't you afraid to go to bed without asking that the good angels shall watch over you during the darkness of night?"

"No, gran'ma," said the child, "I'm not afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

An old rustic fellow in Rhode Island was near the point of death and the doctor told his daughter, who was nursing him faithfully that he was so far gone that she could indulge him in any whim he displayed in the matter of food, because he might as well be made happy if possible, and nothing could really hasten the end. So the daughter asked her father if there was any particular thing he could fancy. "Yes," said the old fellow, "a bit of fine cake with lots of currants in it." There was a Lady Bountiful in the vicinity, who when she heard of the poor old man's desire had a fine fruit cake made, rich

enough to "kill on sight," even for a person in the best of health. The doctor heard of the present and disapproved of the old man's choice, still, having given his consent, when he called the next day he enquired how it had suited the old man, and whether he had enjoyed it.

"Well, sir," said the daughter, "to tell you the honest truth he hasn't had the cake."

"Why not?" enquired the doctor.

"Well, sir," said she, "you see it was such a pretty cake that we hadn't the heart to cut into it, and just kept it for the funeral."

An American gentleman got acquainted with a Frenchman who was very anxious to acquire the English language. The American in order to help him said that if he would send his exercises to him he would willingly correct them.

Nothing was heard from the Frenchman for some time but finally a letter came couched in the following choice English:

"In small time I can learn so many English from his text-book and her dictionary as I think I will to come at the America and to go on the scaffold to lecture."

A lady art-patroness was gushing over a portrait in the presence of the artist.

"I do not know how it is," she said, "but when you paint a portrait you seem to put more into it than any one else can see."

"Madam," he exclaimed in a rhapsody, "it is not faces alone that I paint,—it is souls!"

"Oh," she replied cuttingly, for his enthusiasm was too warm, "you do interiors, do you?"

There was a bishop, a most austere man, who was so very, very good theoretically, that he could not permit the smallest failing in others to pass unnoticed. One baleful day he detected his small page in the act of kissing one of the pretty maids and then, when accused of the crime of adding thereto falsehood, for he denied having touched the girl.

"Wretched boy!" exclaimed the bishop. "Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am as a crushed worm?"

"My Lord," replied the page, "'tis the missus."

A man of tact always manages to get out of a difficulty. The clerk of a parish in England whose business it was to read the "first lesson" in the church, came across the chapter in David in which the names Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego occur twelve times.

Finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

As an appeal to charity, what can go ahead of that famous one of Sydney Smith's, when, preaching a charity sermon, he took for his text, Proverbs 19 : 17, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and then shutting his Bible with a bang, he said:

"My brethren, you who like the security, down with the dust!"

During the life of Benjamin D'Israeli, (Lord Beaconsfield) many were the skits and lampoons written about him by the liberals.

One of the neatest was a proposed epitaph for the great statesman, which ran as follows:

"There lies Lord Beaconsfield
(It was a way he had)."

There is the story of a clergyman in Scotland who refused three times to unite in holy wedlock a man and a woman, because the man had indulged too freely in liquor.

A few days later the same thing occurred with the same couple, whereupon the minister gravely

remonstrated with the bride, and said they must not present themselves again with the bridegroom in such a state.

"But, sir," said the bride, "he will come when he's sober."

At a social tea at which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was present, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade and quite expected and looked for effusive admiration from the great man, said to him as he was about to leave:

"Well, doctor, what do you think of afternoon tea?"

He replied in these four strikingly graphic words:

"It is giggle—gabble—gobble—git!"

Some wives are so irrational,—what shall we say of them? They are altogether lovely, but ——

Now there was young Smith's wife. She never could endure sewing, and plainly said so, but she was so tender-hearted that her husband had but to mention that his socks needed darning, because the sole had gone, or that his nightshirt had a gap in it which let the daylight through, than

she would give a little sigh and go right to work with needle and thread, as though it was less than no trouble at all.

But the other evening she lost her temper just the least little bit in the world, for she looked up from her work, and said quite sharply:

"My dear Henry, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat! This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again!"

A party of privileged sightseers were admitted to a private view of a menagerie between performances, and among other things were shown what was called a "Happy Family," that is to say in one and the same cage there was a toothless lion, a tiger, somewhat the worse for wear, and a half-famished wolf. Beside these wild animals, curled up in one corner, was a diminutive lamb which shivered as it slumbered.

"How long have the animals lived together?" asked one of the party.

"About twelve months," replied the showman.

"Why," exclaimed a lady, "I am sure that little lamb is not so old as that."

"Oh," said the showman, quite unmoved, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

A stern father who had repeatedly told a young man who was paying his addresses to his daughter not to visit the house again without his permission, which he never intended to give, was surprised when he answered a ring at the door-bell late one evening to see the young man waiting on the step.

"Sir," said he in anger, "didn't I tell you not to call again, eh, sir?"

"Yes," said the young man, "I know, but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm about that little bill."

"Oh,—er—er ——" stammered the stern father, "call again, will you?"

At the end of the season at Coney Island the wretched horses which are used for "dime rides" are auctioned off, and go for next to nothing. They are as a rule so thin that they are worse than useless.

At the end of last season a buyer purchased a very attenuated specimen after he had been coaxed into doing so by numerous promises made by the seller, who wound up by saying, "Look here, if youse isn't pleased wiv de animile youse just bring him back and get your money,—see?"

"Yes," returned the buyer, "but this is the last

day of the sale, and the beast is awfully thin and may die on my hands. Supposing I did bring it back, you might not be here to receive it,—see?"

"Oh, well," returned the auctioneer, "if we's ain't here youse just shove it under de door."

A gentleman in speaking about the two great authors Dickens and Thackeray, said:

"It's in his wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the better of Thackeray; but, on t'other hand, it's the brilliant shafts of satire, together with a keen sense of humor, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery is a humorist and Dackens is a satirist. But, after all, it's absurd to institute any comparison between Dackery and Thickens."

"If me employer," said one Irishman to another, "does not rethract what he said to me this mornin', begorrah I shall lave his sarvice."

"Sure, and phwat did he say?" asked the other.

"He tould me I could look for another place."

Many employers of the present day have a pretty hard time of it with the young ladies en-

gaged to do the typewriting, on account of their lack of education.

One very mild specimen of employer called his typewriter operator and objected to certain letters because they were incorrectly written.

"Miss James," said he softly, "we have a dictionary in the office and I wish you would occasionally consult it when you are in doubt as to how to spell a word."

"Not I, sir," she exclaimed, bridling up. "I did so once, and would you believe it, every word in that blessed dictionary was spelled wrong!"

There is a story told of a young nobleman who, in a frightful railroad accident, missed his valet. An official came up to him and said:

"My Lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two!"

"Is he?" said the fop. "Poor fellow! Will you be kind enough to see in which half he has the key of my valise?"

A new minister in a rural district who wished to make the acquaintance of the members of his congregation and also to discover whether they were pleased with his discourses, met an old

farmer whose face he recognized as one who had attended the church the previous Sunday, and stopping him said:

"Mr. Brown, how did you like my sermon last Sunday?"

"Well, parson," replied the old man, "you see I didn't have a fair chance to judge. Right in front of me was old Miss Smith, and the rest of that gang with their mouths wide open just a swallerin' down all the best of your sermon; 'n what reached me, parson, was purty poor stuff, purty poor stuff."

"Say," said an American at an English hotel, to a man who sat at the same table, "will you be kind enough to pass the butter?"

The man spoken to stared in a blank manner as if insulted and finally said in an offended tone:

"That's the waiter, over there, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the American with a smile, "you must excuse me,—I am a stranger, —I made a mistake."

This riled the Englishman and he exclaimed in a rage:

"Sir! You add insult! Nothing can induce

me to believe for one moment that you mistook me for the waiter!"

"No, sir," replied the American quietly, but cuttingly, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

Among the many hash-house jokes, some are good, some are bad.

One is of a man who called the waiter and ordered a couple of soft boiled eggs.

At that, a man at another table, took up the suggestion, and called out to the waiter: "The same for me. But,—say! be sure they are fresh."

Forthwith the waiter went to the shaft and shouted:

"Four soft boiled eggs; two must be fresh."

A young lady who found employment in a telephone office, though she knew little about the work, had previously worked in a large department store where the motto "We strive to please" had been thoroughly taught her. During her first day at the telephone office when there was a ring at the bell:

"What number, please?" she asked sweetly.

"Give me 4–7–4 eighteenth."

"Oh I'm so sorry," she replied, "but we're

quite out of,—— I mean 4–7–4 eighteenth is busy,—but I can give you number 4–7–3 or 4–7–5, if you wish."

The cadets at West Point are required to conduct themselves with dignity even in their own rooms and should the inspecting officers detect any flaw in their dress, attitude or deportment, an official report of the matter is made at once, and an explanation required.

To one such complaint a cadet wrote,

West Point, N. Y., Feb. 21, 19—.—Report: Feet on the table at inspection, 3 P. M. Explanation: I would respectfully state that the report is correct. It was necessary that I should have my feet on the table, as my room-mate was present and had his feet on the floor. I live with Cadet Grimes. Respectfully submitted.

JAMES M. ANDERSON,
Cadet Private, Co. A, 1st Class.

Perhaps the most caustic criticism,—if it can be called criticism ever made by one leading actor on the performance of another, was that uttered by Sir Henry Irving, after attending a performance of Hamlet by Beerbohm Tree.

There has never been any love between them since.

Certain friends asked Irving how he liked the performance, and he replied:

"Well, his conception of the character of Hamlet was funny,—without being vulgar."

A German professor who is extremely studious, and detests being annoyed in his studies by children, was alone in his house the other evening, his wife having an appointment with a neighbor and his children, being left to themselves made up their minds to have a "high old time." They raced from room to room, raising "Cain" generally, until their father could stand the noise no longer, and losing all patience he rushed from his study and ordered all of them to go to bed at once. It was only twilight, and they remonstrated, but to no avail, and all but one finally went up-stairs sobbing. The exception was a little girl who positively refused to budge an inch. The professor at last administered a slight corporal punishment, and in fact persisted in it until the child's stubbornness gave way and she dolefully followed her companions.

Soon afterward his wife broke in on the pro-

fessor's now undisturbed studies and her first question was: "Where are the children?"

He was forced to tell of their depravity, and she at once ran up-stairs to look after her outraged flock.

Presently she returned in great excitement, and cried out to her husband:

"I think you must be crazy! I thought there must be something wrong when you told me you had to whip one of the children for disobedience. Now do you know what you have done? The child you have whipped wasn't ours at all, but Dr. Niemayer's little girl who has been spending the evening here."

A celebrated Irish judge used to be fond of telling the story of a most amusing experience which he declared really happened. In all his stories he used an exaggerated brogue.

"I was," he used to say, "down in Cork holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never tell another if they didn't all walk into the dock."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman says that a

Scotsman was asserting that all the great poets were of his nation.

"Well, but," said one, "how about Shakespeare? You can't say he was a Scotsman."

To this the other replied:

"His talents would justify the supposition."

It is said that not long ago a native station-master of one of the small Indian railway stations was attacked by a tiger, and that the assistant-manager, in place of giving assistance ran to the office and telegraphed to the European station-master at the nearest point:

"Tiger on the platform eating station-master; please wire instructions."

Robert Louis Stevenson, while in San Francisco was explaining to a friend at a restaurant a peculiarity of the local waiters which was that under no circumstances would they admit that they did not have anything that might be called for on the bill-of-fare.

"They will take your order for a slice of the moon," said he, "and go away as if they meant to fetch it, and then come back and say that they are just out of it."

To prove it he called the waiter and said:

"A double order of broiled behemoth."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "will you have it rare or well done?"

"Well done," said Stevenson.

Pretty soon the waiter returned:

"I am very sorry, but we are just out of behemoth."

"What, no more behemoth?" asked the novelist in feigned astonishment.

The waiter lowered his voice.

"We have some more, sir," he whispered confidentially, "but the truth is, I would not bring it to you as it was not quite fresh."

A class of first reader pupils were very proud when they were able to spell "b-a-double l-ball" and so forth. The meaning of the "double" was explained to them, and one day, the class came upon this sentence: "Up! up! John, and see the sun rise!" One little fellow rendered it as follows:

"Double up, John! and see the sun rise!"

A poet entered an editor's sanctum. He had successfully eluded the small boy who guarded the gate, but who sometimes slept at his post.

The editor glanced at the inspired work, and then handed it back to its creator, loftily.

"We won't print any such stuff as that," said he with Mammonish top-loftiness.

But the poet by long-suffering and vast experience was prepared, and replied:

"Oh, well, you needn't be so haughty about it! You're not the only one who won't print it."

The definitions given by children, of certain words which elude the lexicographer are sometimes amusing.

One little fellow for instance, came to his mother with a complaint, the other day and said:

"Maw, Johnny is such a mugwump, that I won't sleep with him no more."

"Why, Charley," said his mother, "whatever do you mean? A mugwump? What is that?"

"Why don't you know? But then you women can't vote so you don't ought to be expected to know nothin' o' pol'tics. But father knows, an' he says a 'mugwump' is a chap what won't take either side, an' that's Johnny all over. He sleeps in the middle an' where do I come in?"

Kindergarten methods are being adopted very largely by school-teachers all over the country.

Quite recently one teacher, who was giving the children written exercises wrote out this "Wanted" advertisement:

"Wanted.—A Milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Smith, 10 Blank Street."

The children had to make applications for the position in writing.

One juvenile wrote:

"Dear Miss Smith,—I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once. Edith Brown."

A little girl who was sent to the Sunday-school, and who was one of those very remarkable children who really wish, and like to go, came home the other afternoon primed to the muzzle with knowledge and biblical history.

The story of the good Samaritan had been told to her by her dear teacher and it was impossible for her to retail it to her mother fast enough.

"And," said she with gasps of excitement, "what d'you think of that old priest and that miser'ble Levite? Worn't they just about as mean as them kinds is made? But, oh, mama! What'd you think? Just when the worst was at

a what-you-may-call-it a good American came along and helped the poor man."

It would not do to give the name of the grandfather for he is too well known and respected for any one to wish to "poke fun" at him, but he is very fond of children, and his own grandchildren are, in his eyes, absolutely perfection.

He had been giving one of them,—a little girl, a ride to Banbury Cross on his knee when he was startled by having her ask:

"What makes your hair so white?"

"Oh," said he, in jest, "it has to be white. Remember, my dear, I was in the ark."

"Oh! g'anpa, are you Noah?" asked the child.

"No, dear."

"Is you Shem?"

"No, nor Shem either."

"Ham?"

"No, nor Ham."

"Then you must be Jafet," she exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"Not even Jafet," said the old man.

"Oh, g'anpa," said the little girl, "if you isn't Noah, nor Shem nor Ham nor Jafet, why goodness gracious you must be a beast!"

Two children, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, had been bereaved. They had lost, by death, a pet parrot. Of course when their first grief had subsided they turned the sad occasion to good account, as is the way with children, and had a grand funeral. The boy "Tommy" was grave digger, and the girl "Annie" wrapped the poor brilliant corpse up in a silk scarf ready for interment. And it was "Ashes to dashes, and bust to rust!" and all sorts of mournful ceremonies.

When the grave had been duly patted down with a small spade, the little girl said:

"I s'pose, Dolly's 'n he'v'n now."

"I s'pose so," said Tommy, "but I don't know."

"He's got wings," said Annie, "but he wouldn't be a angel, would he?"

"Only folks is angels," said Tommy.

"Well then, what is he?" asked the little girl.

"I s'pose," said Tommy, "he's a Bird of Paradise now."

"Bother!" said a little fellow in the Sunday-school when he had been forced, much against his will to donate a dime to the missionary cause, "I wish'd I was a heathen!"

"Georgie!" exclaimed his teacher in horror, "what do you mean?"

"Oh well," said Georgie, "the heathen don't have to give nothin'—they just do all the gettin'."

Dean Hole of Rochester, England, tells of a very innocent and obliging curate who went to a Yorkshire parish where many of the parishioners bred horses and sometimes raced them. A few Sundays after his arrival he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed for three Sundays for her. On the fourth, the church clerk told the curate that he need not do it any more.

"Why," he asked, "is she dead?"

"No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeplechase."

The curate became quite a power in the parish.

The pastor announced at the close of the sermon that a meeting of the board would follow. All the audience, except the board and one stranger, passed out. The pastor hemmed, and said: "Brother, I guess you misunderstood. This is a meeting of the board." "Yes," the stranger said, "go right ahead. I was never so bored in all my life."

It is told of the late P. D. Armour that on one occasion he made a present of a suit of clothes to each of his employees in a certain department. Each man was told that he might order his own suit, and send the bill to Mr. Armour, no restriction being made as to price. In order to avail himself fully of his liberality, one young man ordered evening clothes costing eighty dollars. When the bill was sent in, Mr. Armour sent for the clerk to vouch for its accuracy, and finding it right, assured the man it would be paid. As the clerk was leaving, however, Mr. Armour said to him :

"I wish to say to you that I have packed a great many hogs in my time, but I never dressed one before!"

A president of Oberlin College once profited by a transaction with an insurance company. He had carried insurance on his household goods for twenty years, but his wife, observing that the insurance business was largely a matter of paying premiums, the policy was permitted to lapse.

The president was one day persuaded by an energetic agent to take out a new policy. That very afternoon Oberlin was thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of clouds

of smoke pouring from the windows of the president's residence. After the chemical extinguishers had done their work it was found that a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns had fed the flames started from an overturned chafing dish.

The loss was promptly paid, and Dr. Barrows got keen enjoyment from Mrs. Barrows' change of heart in regard to insurance. An additional twinkle came into his eyes when he recalled the letter from the insurance company, which read as follows:

"President Oberlin College:

"DEAR SIR: Inclosed find draft for $500. We note that this policy went into effect at noon and fire did not occur till four o'clock. Why this delay?"

When General Grant was President a certain friend of his came from the West to see him. One day, just after leaving the White House, this friend fell in with a fellow Westerner in the White House grounds, and a heated encounter took place, which suddenly terminated by the General's friend knocking the other man down and out. The matter was hushed up, but the

General, naturally indignant, called his friend to account, saying:

"John, you've treated me and the office I hold with much discourtesy. Why did you do such a thing?"

"Well, it was this way, General," replied the penitent one, "you know there was bad blood between us, and he had set all sorts of stories going about me. Just after leaving you I ran into him and he at once accused me of doing a certain thing. As it was false I only laughed at him. Then he accused me of something else, and it was true, and by gad, sir! I couldn't stand that, so I knocked him down."

A farmer went into a hardware store and while purchasing some tools was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the man, "and you can ride around your farm on it. They're cheap now and I can let you have one for thirty-five dollars."

"I'd rather put the thirty-five dollars in a cow," replied the farmer.

"Oh, well," said the hardware man sarcastically, "you'd look almighty foolish riding round your farm on a cow, now wouldn't you?"

"No more foolish, perhaps," said the farmer, "than I would milking a bicycle."

At the beginning of our Civil War, Colonel Brown and Colonel Smith were raising regiments in Wisconsin. One day Colonel Smith's chaplain paid a visit to Colonel Brown. On leaving he stated that the cause of religion was prospering in Colonel Smith's regiment; that no longer ago than the last Sabbath day he baptized ten of Colonel Smith's men.

"Sergeant-Major!" exclaimed Colonel Brown, "make a detail of fifteen men to go and be baptized. I'll be blamed if I allow Colonel Smith's regiment to get ahead of mine in point of religion."

There is a story told that some years ago the keeper of the lighthouse on Tory Island (an Englishman) got married to a London girl, and his wife had, among other effects, a small light pianette sent after her to her new home. By and by news reached the island that the instrument was on the mainland, and two islanders were despatched in a lugger to fetch it across. The lighthouse keeper and his wife were awaiting the arrival of the pianette, which was to

brighten the long winter evenings; but, to their disappointment they saw the boat returning without the instrument.

"Where is the pianette?" shouted the light-house-keeper when the lugger had got within hailing distance.

"It's all right," replied one of the boatmen; "shure we're towin' it behind us!"

A gentleman at a restaurant was disgusted at having a cold plate given him off which to eat a hot dinner. He called the waiter and demanded a hot one.

"Hot plates, sir," returned the waiter, "are not in season,—they come in in October and go out in May."

A little girl, with an enquiring mind stood at her mother's knee and from the expression of her face was evidently evolving some particularly knotty problem.

"What is it, Jenny?" asked the mother.

"Mama," said the child seriously, "if I grow up and marry, shall I have a husband like papa?"

As in duty bound, no matter what her personal

opinions were, she had, like a dutiful wife to say, "Yes, dear, I hope so."

There was a long pause. Then the youngster asked:

"And if I don't marry, shall I grow up to be like Aunt Susan?"

Again the answer was, "I hope so."

Then the little girl put her hands to her head and said in a tone of despair, "Well, I am in a fix!"

Among the latest golf stories is one that comes from England of a cockney who was spending his Christmas in Scotland, the home of the game, and went out on the links to try his luck.

After trying in vain to hit the ball he became enraged because the caddie laughed at his awkwardness.

"If you laugh again," he exclaimed, "I'll hit you over the head,—so there!"

"Ah, weel," returned the caddie, backing to a safe distance, "I'll bet ye wouldn't know the right club to do it with!"

An Irish laborer calling on a friend found him with his boots off, and his feet resting on the top of the stove.

"Sure, Pat," said he, "have you nothing better to cook for supper than them feet of yourn? What's the matter?"

"Me feet are cold, Moike," was the reply. And then being in his way a thinker, one who pondered on the mysteries of life, he said,

"D'ye know, Moike, I think it a sthrange thing, now, that if I stand on me head the blood runs into it, but if I stand on me feet it doesn't run into them. Now, how do ye account fur that?"

"Well," replied Mike, "I guess it's because your feet have something in them already."

A landlord in the West of Ireland met a countryman, and having heard of his marriage, said:

"Well, Pat, so you have a wife at last, eh?"

"Yis, yer honor," said Pat, touching his hat, "by the Saints, I have."

The landlord, who was a noted old bachelor, said comically:

"And here am I, Pat, a lonely old fellow, for I can get no one to take me."

"I think, yer honor," said Pat, "I can put you in the way of it."

"How, Pat?"

"Do as I did, yer honor: go where you are not known."

A chambermaid who had held a situation for several years recently gave notice because she was going to be married, and as there was some difficulty in getting a suitable girl to immediately take her place, she informed her mistress that if her young man was agreeable she would get the wedding service over and then come back for two weeks. The lover agreed and half an hour after the ceremony she was back at her post and busy at her usual duties.

"Has your husband gone back to work also?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" replied the girl, "he's gone off on his honeymoon."

There is often fun at the baseball grounds outside of the game, especially among the boys who try to see the game without being admitted.

One youngster who was fortunate enough to find a knot-hole in the fence was heard to shout to another who was munching a juicy apple,

"Say, 'll quit this hole if you'll gi' me a couple o' them."

"Go on!" was the reply. "Yer can't see through the Micks on t'other side o' the fence."

"Orl right, sonney," was the rejoinder, "keep 'em. But that's where you missed it, for there's a bandy legged guy in front of this hole, and there ain't nobody in front of him,—see?"

A young lady organist in a Montreal church was anxious to make a good impression, by her playing, on a visiting clergyman. The organ was pumped by the sexton, an old fossil, who would occasionally give up the job, or fail to work vigorously enough, to the great chagrin of the fair organist, and the delight of the small boys in the congregation.

On this very special occasion the organist wrote a note intended for the sexton's eye only, in which she said:

"Oblige me, this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop. Miss Allen." What was her horror to see the old man take it up the aisle and hand it to the clergyman, for whom he supposed it was intended.

There are still parts of England where the railway is unknown and where it is regarded with horror by the uneducated.

In one village where the march of civilization finally proved greater than the rural ignorance, the plans for a road having been formed, some officials went to wait on one old lady, part of whose land it was necessary to appropriate. Her name was Betsey Martin, and no one in the whole countryside was quite so poorly informed as to the ways of railroads as she.

"Madam," said the spokesman, politely, "you own the land on which this farm stands, and we have to notify you that according to the plans of the proposed railroad the trains will run right through your barn ——"

The old lady did not wait for further information, but burst out with—"Will they indeed? Well, let me tell you this. The last train will have to get here before nine o'clock at night. After that you won't catch me getting up to open the door for it or for you or anybody else. So there!" And she slammed the door in his face.

A vocalist of poor ability singing at a small variety theatre, who had obliged the audience with, "The Song That Reached My Heart," "Whisper and I Shall Hear," and other senti-

mental ballads was called out by the audience, more in fun than from appreciation.

He was not altogether lacking in wit, and stepping to the footlights he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are not the only ones who know talent when you meet with it. When I rendered the songs which I have just sung in Buffalo, the audience presented me with twenty-five dollars. When I sang in Albany, they presented me with an automobile. When I sang on Broadway, New York City, they presented me with a row of houses ——"

Here a loud voice from the gallery asked, "Was it brick by brick?"

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

A youth of Hiberian extraction, in chopping wood with a hatchet, one day, was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand with

which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member, he remarked: "Be gorra, it was a good thing that I didn't have hold of the handle with both hands, or I'd have cut it off for sure."

The curtain had dropped on the first act of the amateur play. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the youthful stage manager, stepping to the front of the stage, "you will observe that the program says that there is an interval of two years between the first and second acts. This will be fully carried out. The leading lady has just swallowed the powder-puff under the impression that it was a marsh-mallow, and I think it will be about that time before she will be able to go on."

An Irishman, just landed, was walking up Broadway, and wishing to know the time, asked a policeman. The officer paid no attention to Pat's inquiries until he repeated them several times; then he took out his club and vigorously rapped Pat's toes three times, saying that it just struck three.

"Begorra," says Pat, "I'm glad it's not twelve."

A waiter at a western hotel said to one of the guests at the dinner table, "What kind of pie do you wish? We have peach, apple, pumpkin and lemon."

The guest replied "Give me peach, apple, and pumpkin," to which the waiter, with a shrug of his shoulders and an appropriate gesture, said "What's the matter with the lemon?"

An Englishman sitting at an adjoining table, who overheard the conversation, now said to his neighbor, "I beg your pardon, but what was the matter with the lemon?"

A westerner was asked what he considered the most remarkable thing he witnessed at the World's Fair. He said there were so many things it was difficult to decide, but one of the most astonishing things he heard occurred in the great Music Hall. On one side of this building were several hundred old maids who kept singing and shouting at the top of their voices, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a child is born," and on the other side of the building were as many men

who called back equally loud, "Wonderful, wonderful."

Mrs. Maginnis met Mrs. Moriarty at an afternoon tea.

Says Mrs. Maginnis, "How do you do, Mrs. Moriarty."

Says Mrs. Moriarty, "I am glad to see you, and how do you do, not that I care a rap, but it helps along the talk."

Two gentlemen traveling in Ireland determined to see if the Irish are as bright as their reputation would indicate.

"Say, Pat, what are those you are selling?"

"Them's pansies, sorr."

"How much are you getting for them?"

"Thr'pence a bunch."

"Threepence? Why, man you're losing money. They're selling them in London for a shilling."

"London, humph! That's London and this is Killarney." (Points to a lake near by.) "D'ye see that laek over there? Well if I had that laek in hell I'd get $3 a quart fer it."

TOASTS

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty,
Let the toast pass —
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass."

"May the Lord love us but not call us too soon."

"May our shadows never grow less."

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe;
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low."

"Here's to our friends in adversity, and may we never be in the same fix."

"To perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

"May the pleasures of youth never bring us pain in old age."

"Absent friends,—God bless them."

"To them that love others better than themselves."

"To the Great Unknown,—who is waiting to do us a favor."

"May you live long and prosper."

"Here's to the wings of love—
May they never moult a feather,
Till my big boots and your little shoes,
Are under the bed together."

"Here's to the man or woman who speaks well of us to our enemies."

"Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee I would drink."

"Lord, keep our mem'ry green."

"God bless us, every one."

"To our Host,—the host of hosts."

"To our father's sweethearts,—our mothers."

"To the land we live in, love and would die for."

"To the land we love, and the 'love' we 'land.'"

"Here's to the friends of to-morrow."

"Here's to the mother-in-law that's mother-in-equity."

"To each man's dearest girl,—married or single."

"Yesterday, this day's madness did prepare,
To-morrow's silence, Triumph or Despair.
Drink! for you know not whence you came nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go nor where."

"Here's to the man that can tell the best story."

"Here's to the wife who doesn't sit up."

"Here's to the heart that never wanders and the tongue that never slanders."

"Here's a health to our friends and a reprieve for our enemies."

"God bless our Country,—our President and our Cause."

"Here's a health to all who need it."

"To each man's best and truest love,—unless it be himself."

"Here's a health to all those that I love,
Here's a health to all those that love me,
Here's a health to all them that love those that love them
That love them that love those that love me."

"Here's a health to thee and thine,
Not forgetting me and mine,
And when thee and thine
Come to me and mine
May me and mine
Welcome thee and thine
As thee and thine
Have done me and mine."

"To the chaperons who can be deaf, dumb and blind."

"To all who put their trust in God,—but never their God in a Trust."

"To our sisters, our cousins and our aunts."

"To the beggar who left the back door open when Charity was lost."

"Here's to many happier returns of the day."

"May the wing of friendship never moult a feather."

"To old chums with young hearts."

"To the girls we have loved who married other fellows."

"To a short life and a merry one."

"To the friend who never had a hole in his pocket."

"To the ministers who don't preach, and the preachers who minister."

A toast for three.

"I'm as dear to you as he,
He's as dear to me as thee,
You're as dear to him as me,
Here's to 'Three's good company!'"

"Here's a toast to the hostess, a toast to the host,
May we all meet again, e'er we give up the ghost."

"By deserving success may we command it."

"Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find."

"As we meet upon the level, may we part upon the square."

"Come fill a bumper, pass it round,
May mirth, and song, and wit abound,
In them alone true wisdom lies—
For to be merry's to be wise."

"May truth and liberty prevail."

"To lovely woman,—She speaks for herself."

"May all single men get married, and all married men be happy."

"When climbing the Hill of Prosperity,
May we never meet a friend coming down."

"While we live, we'll live in clover,
For when we're dead, we're dead all over."

"More friends and less need of them."

"By those we love may we be loved."

"May we e'er mingle in the flowing bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"The ladies, God bless them,
May nothing distress them."

"Here's to the prettiest, here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true,
Here's to the neatest one, here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them, all in one—here's to you."

"Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives,
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts."

"A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em."

"May every man be what he thinks himself to be."

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine."

"May those who are discontented with their own country leave their country for their country's good."

"Some hae meat and canna' eat,
And some wad eat who want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."

"Our drink shall be water, bright, sparkling with glee,
The gift of our God, and the drink of the free."

"Then fill the bowl—away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past."

"May goodness prevail when beauty fails."

"To the memory of ourselves, without regret."

"Here's to another and one other,
Whoever she or he may be."

"May good nature and good sense ever be united."

"May the most you wish for be the least you get."

"Our Navy.—May it ever float."

"Our Army.—May it never need conscription."

"Here's to all those whom I love—
And here's to all those who love me!
And here's to all those who love those whom I love—
And to those who love those who love me!"

"May the skin of a gooseberry make an umbrella large enough to shelter all of your enemies."

"The Almighty Dollar.—May its face value never drop a cent."

"The Clergy.—May they commit to heart the lessons they teach."

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"My Publisher.—May he increase and multiply — the checks."

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